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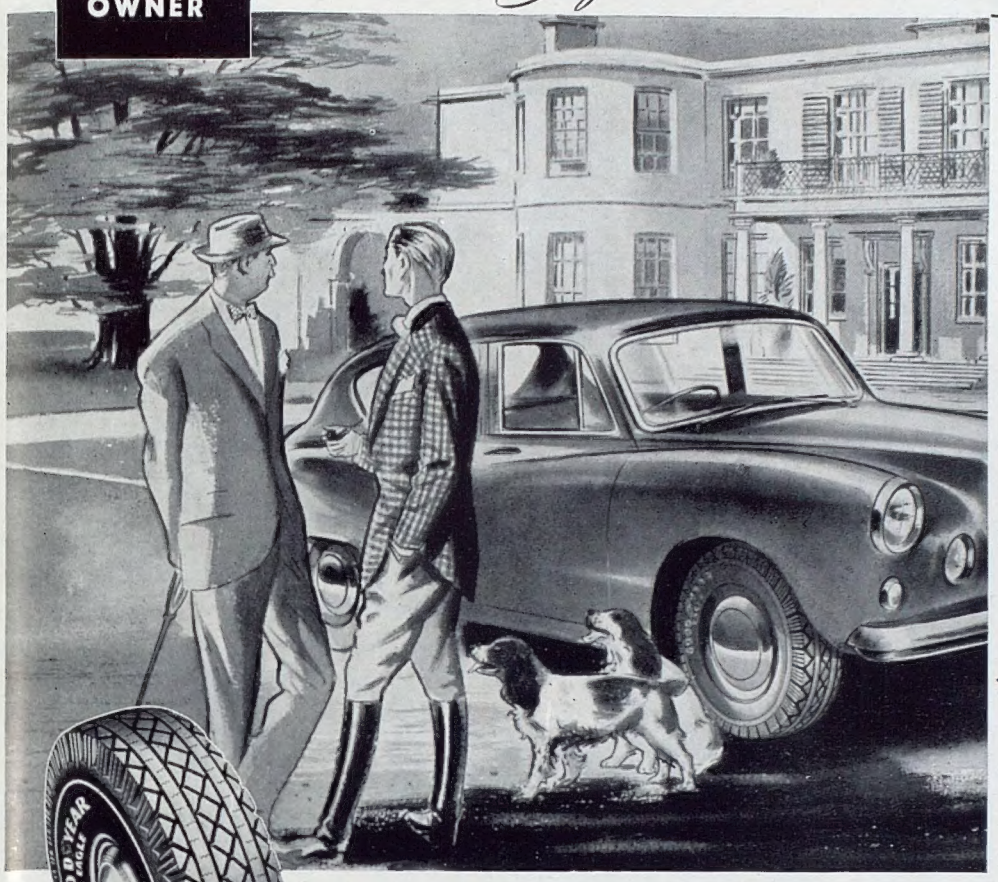

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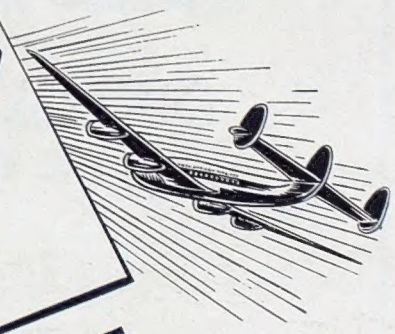

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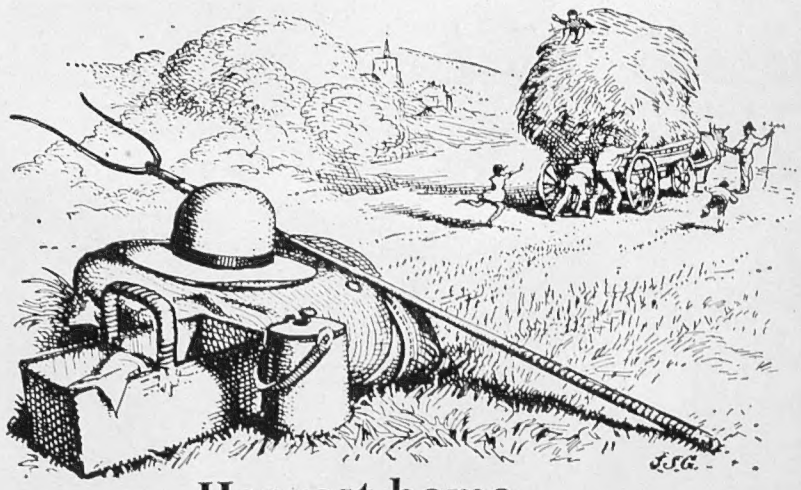

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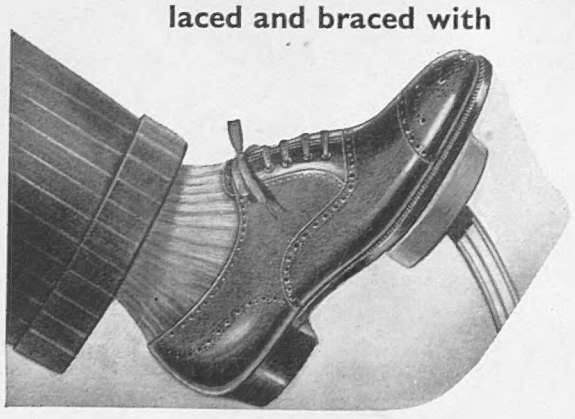

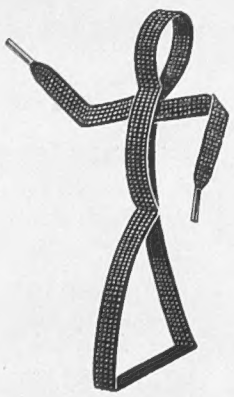

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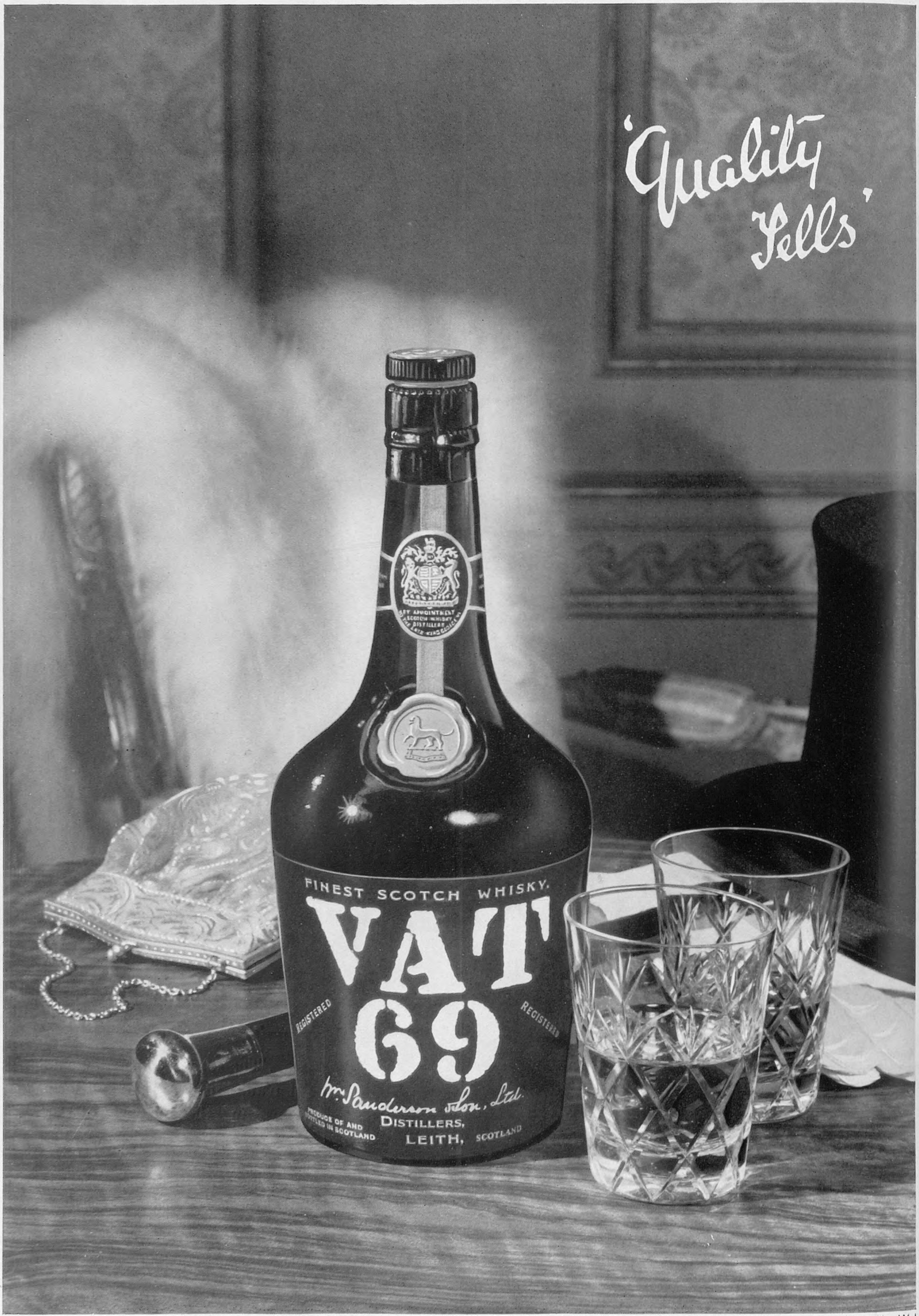

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Volume CCXVI No. 2823 The SPHERE, London, March 20, 1954

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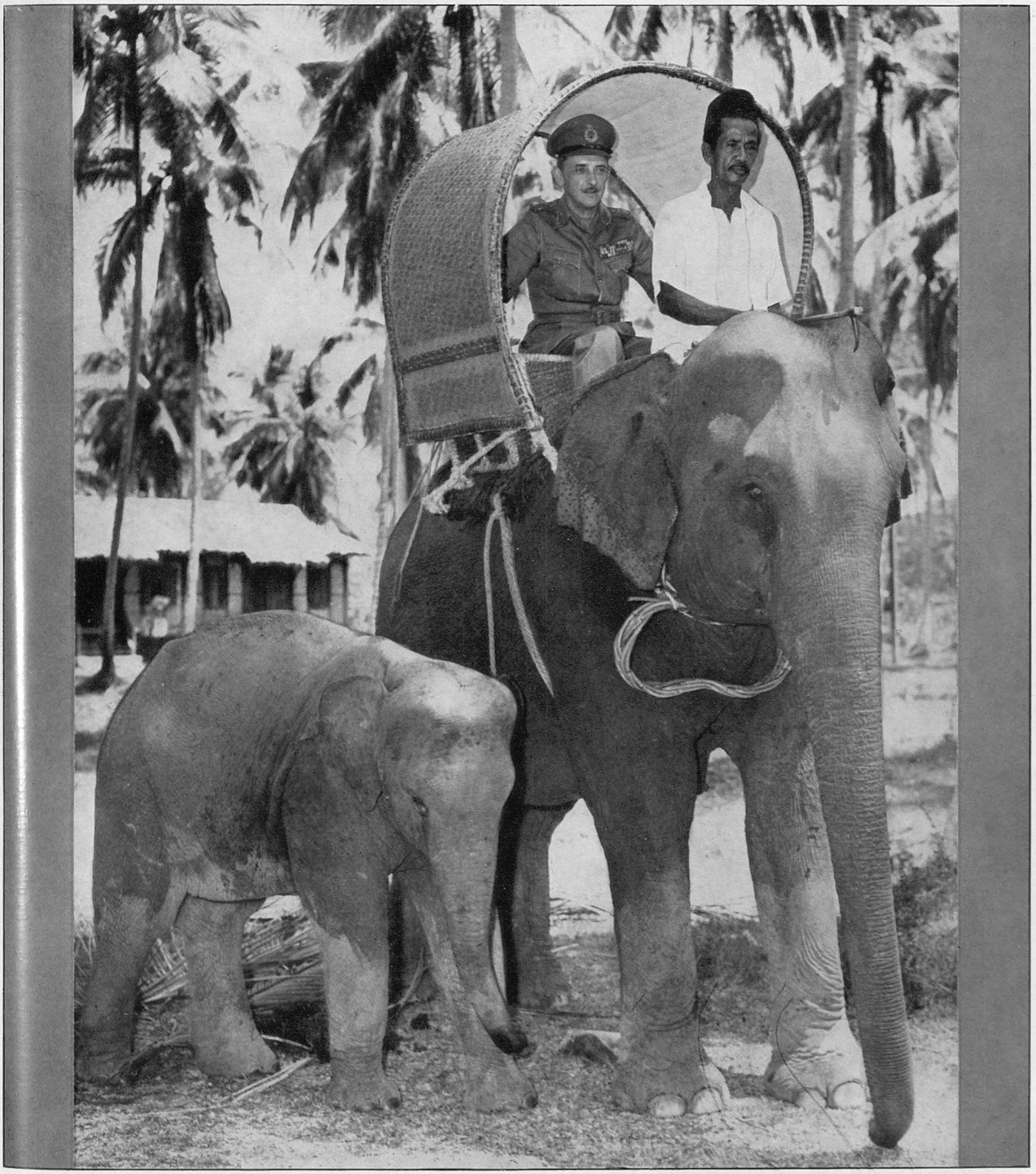

AN ELEPHANT RIDE FOR THE HIGH COMMISSIONER—SIR GERALD TEMPLER DURING HIS FAREWELL TOUR OF A MALAY STATE : The High Commissioner in Malaya at the beginning of his ride on a female elephant at Kangar, in the northern State of Perlis. Alongside is the elephant's three-year-old baby. General Sir Gerald Templer and his wife were visiting the State to say farewell to the Raja and people. The High Commissioner and Lady Templer will be leaving Malaya in June.

At the beginning of this month General Sir Gerald Templer began his tour of the Malay States to say farewell to their rulers and people before leaving Malaya. Shortly after his visit to Perlis, his programme was interrupted by an attack of dysentery, but even illness does not diminish the activities of the energetic High Commissioner for long. It is a measure of his success in Malaya since he took up his appointment more than two years ago that, when he leaves, the Federation will return to government by a civilian High Commissioner. The "emergency" which Sir Gerald Templer was appointed to deal with has much diminished in urgency, and his personal impact on the military and political aspects of the campaign against the terrorists has been considerable. In October Sir Gerald will take up his appointment as C.-in-C. Northern Army Group, Allied Forces Central Europe, and of the British Army of the Rhine.

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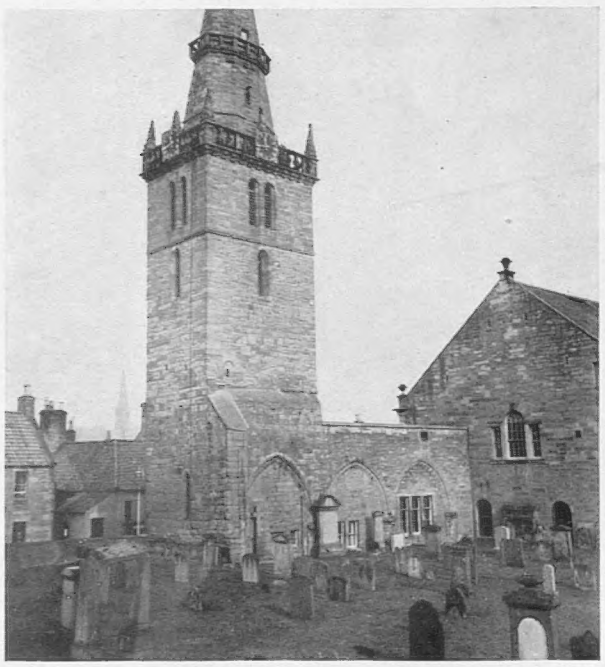
CUPAR—SCENE OF A MACBETH MURDER

CROSSGATE, IN CUPAR, FIFE, LOOKING DOWN TO THE ANCIENT MERCAT CROSS : Cupar, the county town of Fife, has now developed into a modern market town. It was in the stronghold on Castle Hill that Macbeth, King of Scotland, is supposed to have murdered the wife and family of Macduff, thane of Fife. Here, too, on the Playfield, Sir David Lindsay's satire *The Thrie Estaites* was first performed.



THE OLD PARISH KIRK OF CUPAR : The spire is a seventeenth-century addition, but the tower of the church is about two centuries older. Cupar was once a weaving centre, but the weavers have now given way to a linen factory.

MARKET DAY IN CUPAR : The town is primarily a market town, though it is also the county's administrative centre. It also possesses Scotland's only sugar-beet factory, which handles thousands of tons of beet during the season.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

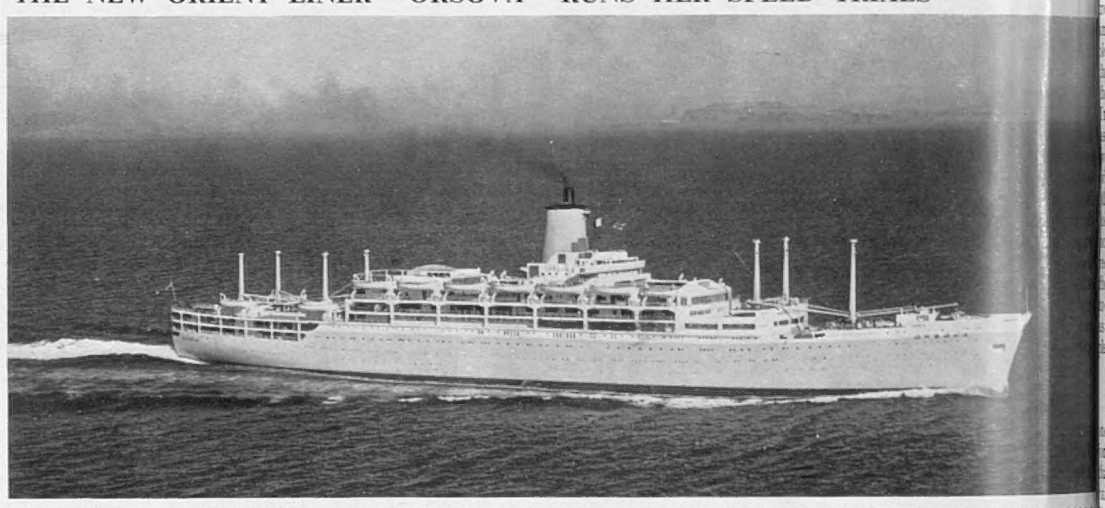
Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"If."—Before and after Budgets, hope goes on and is not taxed. I made my Budget hopes clear some weeks ago. This week I will record political hopes; but not as prophecies. Berlin left us in the dumps. The optimists consoled us with the possibility that good might come out of failure. Geneva looms up and the optimists hold out hope that when China has presented her case (or claims), France and Britain may be able to persuade America to relax her attitude and agree in making concessions, offering the lifting of the trade embargo in exchange for peace terms in Indo-China with the co-operation of Peking. It is a complicated situation, and Mr. Eden's persuasions, which are hoped for, would have limited power so long as Britain opposes China's admission to the U.N. and so long as such persuasions would embarrass Mr. Dulles. But our industrialists are all ready for a business trip to Peking. Federal Germany also seems prepared to make concessions to France over the vexed question of the Saar settlement in exchange for French ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty. If anything came of the Paris meeting, Europe might be a day's march nearer home. And in the Near East, President Neguib, the great parliamentarian and democrat, hinted that he did not exclude a resumption of negotiations over the Canal Zone. Here, however, opinion is stiffening in the British Parliament against easy concessions or peace at any price—and small wonder. For the Government in Egypt wears a new face every day. There is another sign of spring and returning light and hope at home. Sir Walter Monckton, the great conciliator, is to meet both sides of industry, and they are to "have a stab" at wooing back peace in industry, with the aid of a new investigating body which, representative of all interests, will not only inform all concerned of current economic developments, but impress on them the vital need for restraint and increased production, if we are to get back markets and keep what remain.

THE NEW ORIENT LINER "ORSOVA" RUNS HER SPEED TRIALS



THE 29,000-TON LINER, WHICH WAS DUE TO SAIL TO AUSTRALIA THIS WEEK, SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING TRIALS OVER THE ARRAN MEASURED MILE : She achieved a speed of 26·068 knots, thus making her the fastest ship on the England-Australia run. When she enters the South Pacific service early next year on the Sydney-San Francisco run, she will be the fastest ship in that area also. The second ship to bear the name, she is mastless, because her engines and funnel are further forward than was hitherto usual. The funnel is used to carry the wireless aerials and essential rigging for signal halyards. *Orsova* carries 1,500 passengers.

One Sinner that Repenteth.—

I was surprised (ignorance is often in that state) at the violent objections by some of the European-elected members of the Kenya L.C. to the Governor's decision to use "General China" as a go-between with Mau Mau leaders. Of the value of "one sinner that repenteth" there is the highest authority, and at first sight it is difficult to reject any expedient (which is not dishonourable) to bring to an end a horror unspeakable which is destroying a race of men and wrecking the hopes of a great colony. But I am sure the objecting Members of the Council were not influenced by annoyance at loss of face in not having been previously consulted. They must have serious grounds for their criticism of the decision. If they hear not "Moses and the Prophets," I can only guess at these grounds. The practice of employing repentant thieves in the cause of justice is not unknown to any European police force. Obviously no one would object if, say, Mr. Molotov had offered in Berlin to return to the Kremlin to place before his colleagues the idea of ending the cold war and endeavouring to make clear the good intentions of the other side of the Iron Curtain with a view to world settlement. Certainly an individual's fears of loss of face should never obstruct any possibility of betterment for a multitude of people. In the pages of history there is much dismal and recent evidence that it often does. But the real objection of the Elected Members is perhaps based on greater local knowledge that it is utterly futile to apply Christian principles, or even the practices of civilised police forces, in dealing with the savages of a backward people. In any case, no one acquainted with the problem imagines that "General China" can cure the evil. Mr. Lyttelton's new plans for a war council and his sweeping changes in Government are evidence of that.

"Democratic Self-determination."—

And if the principles of Christianity are unlikely to succeed in settling the horrors of Mau Mau, "Britain's policy of helping the Sudanese to attain democratic self-determination within the framework of the Anglo-Egyptian settlement" may for various reasons sound, even to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (who has been fact-finding among Sudanese leaders), as empty and futile a bunch of parrot-jargon as it sounds to me in Southern England. How we dote on these absurd polysyllables strung together! Examine this particular one, split it up and test any single word in its context for honesty, sense or realism. What does the framework of the Anglo-Egyptian settlement contain of permanency or hope, or of bilateral respect? What does "democratic self-determination" add up to in a country divided sharply into warring camps of fierce, illiterate, uninformed tribesmen, with a shaky Egyptian Government pledged to wreck democracy there wherever it raises its head, and to convert self-determination into Egyptian determination? The parrot-jargon which Mr. Lloyd gave vent to is for the Press. The story he tells to the Cabinet is more realistic and a great deal less hopeful. Civil war and a return to the barbarism of a century ago is what in his heart he fears may come, despite our policy of encouraging democratic self-determination within the shattered framework aforesaid. If the Mau Mau are not ready for Christian principles, the Sudanese are not ready for democratic self-determination.

Questioning of Suspects by Police.—

Following the quashing in the Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal of a conviction for murder, the Lord Justice-General endeavoured to define the duties of the police in questioning and taking statements from suspects. An exact definition of those duties he admitted to be impossible, but he was able to clear the ground by means of a series of "don'ts." These "don'ts" are of importance in England, too, for the regulations (such as they are) are substantially the same in this country. During waves of crime, the tendency to go beyond the strict regulations is natural. The police are pressed by an anxious public, alarmed at the increase in desperate characters in their midst. But never has the British system tolerated the type of inquisition allowed in some foreign countries. Among the clarifications re-stated in Edinburgh are these: It is not the duty or right of the police to try to obtain a confession from a suspect to be used as evidence against him. Once a suspect has been arrested and charged, he has a right to a private interview with a solicitor, and since many criminals are very young and ignorant, they should be so informed by the police. If a suspect, not yet charged, is invited to a police station to "help" in the investigations of a crime, "the dice are loaded against him" if he faces all alone a number of high-ranking police officers. He may lose his head, or break down under the length and intensity of his examination, and there could be no corroboration of his account of the length and strictness of his questioning. All these points were clearly made by the Lord Justice for the serious attention of the police in Scotland, and they may be taken as "don'ts" for the same careful attention of English police.

Cheap at the Price?—

"If an income tax allowance of £75 were made to parents in respect of each child attending an independent school, the cost to the Exchequer would be £10,000,000." So replied Mr. Butler to a questioning M.P. last week. Random thoughts occur to me on reading this answer. Such a loss to the Exchequer might be cheap at the price. Such a tax relief would no doubt help many parents who dig into their capital to educate their boys at public schools. But even so, it would not cover much of the annual expenditure of £400 at some public schools. Many parents are very critical of the education those golden lads receive in exchange for £2,000 spent on them. Why, then, do so many persist? Partly, of course, because they value, far beyond the three R's, the education in citizenship and the

haracter building which they observe in holiday-time. ut still more, I think, because they read statistics the deplorable educational standards in Service ruits, take note of the now-lamentable standards education to be observed in the clerical staffs of sinesses and even banks (once so famous for accuracy d even initiative), and resolve that, cost what it ay, their sons shall have a chance at least to attain e bare minimum of proficiency in the three R's. seems a lot to pay for very little to parents who y so much in rates and taxes for providing school education," and none of the parents have ever *hoped* the reliefs sought and implied in the question. ey pay away their nest-eggs in order that in the ext generation *a few of only average ability* may be nd still capable of assuming responsible positions business. They subsidise the future of our country.

Road Sense and Driving Tests.—In 953, 640,000 people took the driving test and 270,000 them failed to pass it. This represents about th failure, an astonishingly high figure, if it is not misprint. The Minister said that after the introduc- on of car-driving tests in 1934 there was a substantial ll in accidents. To which other Members riposted hat the present test was more a paper examination han a psychological test of fitness to meet sudden mergencies; alternatively, that training for the test as seldom thorough or conducted by experts, and hat the test itself needed to be stiffened and enlarged scope. It is certainly my view that older folk who arned road-sense in horse-vehicle days have been ss prone to accident than mechanically-minded ounger drivers, who are smart with the machine but ros in road sense. I doubt if parrot knowledge of e present road code, the bones of the test, combined ith mechanical smartness, can teach road sense. The tter is an inducement to neglect it.

The Fortunate Islands.—A correspondent rites from Port of Spain, Trinidad, where to-day in e dry season there is every day blue sky and brilliant nshine, and a pleasant wind to temper the heat nd ripple the waves for bathers. All the flowering ees are out and the garden ablaze with red, purple nd white bougainvilleas and bright yellow and scarlet lossoms even on the hills. It is a picture to make e mouth water over here. But every rose has its orn. My correspondent, who goes every winter to rinidad, th s year finds a great change in the political spect and makes no doubt that the Communists are rking under cover to bring about the same disorders hich messed up life in British Guiana, whither r Pritt has now gone to defend Jagan and his llowers. It seems that the English cricket team did t find British Guiana a bed of roses, and their ord in some of the islands was humiliating. Still, ey went there to deal with balls, not bottles, and play cricket, not politics. In the fortunate islands, elsewhere when spring returns, every prospect leases and only man is vile.

Publicity and the Royal Tour.—I am one of those who think that it is all to the good— or the Queen, the Court, the Press and the nation— hat while the Queen and the Duke have worked so ard down under, we in Britain have had but a patchy oyal publicity service supplied to us. I do not know it was intended to "cover" the Royal tour as com- letely and continuously as the Coronation season was vered. If so, it has been a flop, though to my mind desirable flop. The experts in photography and ord-painting who covered the trip have certainly ied to satisfy the journals who wanted to give their aders a complete picture. Many will argue that that is wrong; that, with the Queen and the Duke working en-hour days non-stop, the least we can do over here to give them bumper publicity. In my view, non- top publicity defeats its own end, it wears out its ulbs and they tend to dim. The time to switch on ll again will come in May, and be sure it will be a rilliant exhibition of limelight effects. The public ll be hungry for it, will come to the feast to gobble. is a natural assumption of publicity men that the ublicised must always *desire* publicity. Some do; me could do with less or none. We treat our Kings nd Queens in modern times half as gods and goddesses, lf as film stars. But even those who like it most ho need it most may believe in the wisdom of holidays.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE 100TH BOAT RACE

Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald Discusses Highlights Since the First Race in 1829 at Henley

E ROYAL ARMOURED CORPS MEMORIAL COMPETITION

n our issue of February 20 we published pictures of models of the three designs which were selected om an entry of twenty-five in the competition ganised by the Royal Society of British Sculptors. e news agency which supplied the photographs nsposed the captions, so that the work of Mr. fred Dudeney was described as that of Mr. G. H. ulin, and vice versa. We regret that we perpetuated s error, which originated in a source which has nerally been found to be reliable.

"FAMILIES WEEK" IN MINESWEEPERS VISITING THE THAMES

A WARSHIP MOORS IN THE POOL OF LONDON AND IS OPENED FOR INSPECTION BY THE FAMILIES OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY: With Tower Bridge in the background, H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, of the Fourth Minesweeper Squadron, swings round before mooring at the start of her six-day stay in the Thames. *Inset, on right*—H.M.S. *Cockatrice* and H.M.S. *Cheerful* seen at anchor at Battlebridge Pier, above Tower Bridge. Another ship, H.M.S. *Pincher*, was also present. The three ships, all Chatham manned, are based at Harwich, and the visit to London took place during the course of the Spring Cruise. Invitations were sent to the relatives and friends of the ships' companies to visit the ships, and they were able to see how the men work and live when afloat. A social programme was arranged including outings to such places as the Zoo, the Tower of London and the Royal Mint, and a ships' dance was arranged for last Friday evening.

A NEW NATURE RESERVE OFF THE COAST OF NORTH NORFOLK

THE ISLAND OF SCOLT HEAD, TWO-AND-A-HALF MILES FROM BURNHAM MARKET, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER AREAS, HAS RECENTLY BEEN DECLARED A NATURE RESERVE BY THE NATURE CONSERVANCY: The area, leased from the National Trust, consists of sand-dunes, salt marsh and shingle ridges. It is renowned for the richness and variety of its bird and plant life. Much scientific work has already been carried out at Scolt Head, and the aim of the new work will be to aid long-term projects for setting up natural barriers to the types of floods that caused such extensive damage along the East Coast last year. The island, now about 4 miles long by half-a-mile wide, has trebled in size since 1824. One of the other nature reserves established last week is at Tentsmuir Point, at the mouth of the River Tay, Fife. This now brings the number of nature reserves declared in Scotland to three.

RACING AT SANDOWN PARK

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret see the First Day of the Grand Military Meeting, Held in Brilliant Sunshine

THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTS THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP TO LIEUT.-COLONEL BLACKER AFTER THE RACE AT SANDOWN PARK: On the ground, behind Lieut.-Colonel Blacker, is his jockey cap, which he had removed for the presentation. The Queen Mother, together with Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, were present at Sandown Park and saw a great race for the Grand Military Cup. Although Lieut.-Colonel Blacker and his horse, Pointsman, were going well throughout the race, at the last fence it was impossible to say whether he, or Colonel Gordon Watson, on Point of Law, would be the winner. Point of Law came second, being beaten only by a neck.

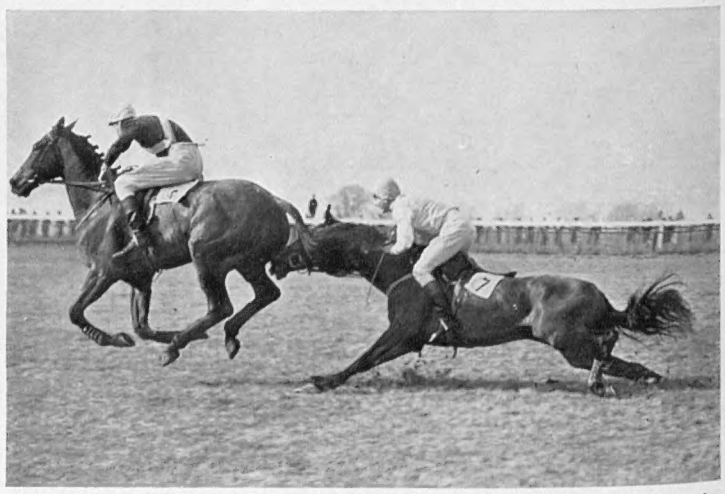
QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK: Princess Margaret is wearing a swathed pillbox hat with ear-pieces. With her mother she is seen at the Esher Racecourse during the first day of the meeting. Brilliant sunshine and some excellent racing made the meeting a memorable occasion.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE GOLD CUP : On the left is Lieut.-Colonel Blacker on Pointsman, the winner, and on the right Colonel Gordon Watson on Point of Law, which was second. In the centre is Roughman, ridden by Major P. B. Fielden.

THE FIELD TAKING THE FIRST FENCE IN THE MARCH OPEN SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE : This was the first race of the meeting and was won by Rockspring, owned by Mr. G. S. Langlands and ridden by W. Rees. Second was Comedian's Folly, and third, Danger Light.

On right—

A RIDER COMES A CROPPER : Captain T. Bengough is seen falling from Martial Law II in the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase at Sandown Park. This race was won by Nigger Minstrel, owned and ridden by Major G. A. Cunard.



ANOTHER CASUALTY IN THE STEEPLECHASE : Royal Prince is seen as he stumbles, only two fences from the post, in the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase. His jockey, Mr. Kindersley, was thrown.

Mr. Lyttelton in Kenya

The Colonial Secretary Takes Time off from his Political Discussions to Attend an Agricultural Show at Kitui

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton made another of his flying visits to troubled Kenya and, though most of his time was taken up by political conferences in Nairobi, he did find time to visit an Agricultural Show at Kitui, some 80 miles away. During a two-week tour of the colony he visited troops and police who were fighting Mau Mau, and held conversations with representatives of all parties involved in the constitutional changes in Kenya. Mr. Lyttelton had proposed that in the new Council of Ministers there should be three Europeans, two Asians and one African representative. This proposal, however, came as a great disappointment to the Africans, especially the loyal Kikuyu on the Legislative Council, and they tried to persuade the Colonial Secretary to give them parity with the Asian community. Before leaving Nairobi, Mr. Lyttelton said how impressed he was with the progress in the campaign against Mau Mau. But he added that it should be made possible for the terrorists to surrender.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY DISTRIBUTES THE PRIZES : Mr. Oliver Lyttelton beams as he stands on the platform during the prize-giving at the Agricultural Show at Kitui, Kenya. He was rewarding the winners of an archery competition. The Colonial Secretary's visit to Kitui was only an interlude in two weeks of intensive political talks, during which he announced his constitutional changes for the Kenya Council of Ministers. He also saw for himself the progress made by troops and the police in combating Mau Mau terrorism.

A PEACEFUL PURSUIT IN KENYA : The intense concentration of these archers is directed at nothing more dangerous than the bull's-eye of a competition target during the Agricultural Show at Kitui, about 80 miles from Nairobi.

AN AFRICAN SOMERSAULT TO PLEASE MR. LYTTELTON : An exciting moment during a dance performed in the presence of the Colonial Secretary, the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir John Harding.

THE GIRLS JOIN IN THE SONG AND DANCE : Members of the Mkamba tribe during one of the dances performed at the show. The best dancers, as well as the most accurate archers, received prizes from Mr. Lyttelton.

FOREIGN REVIEW

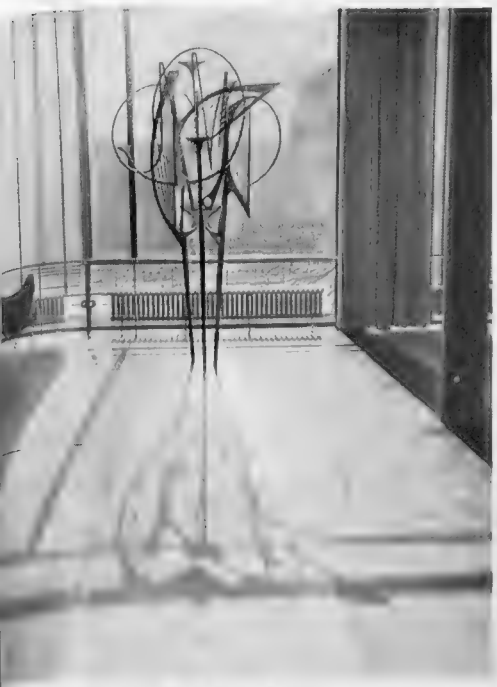
A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, EGYPT AND PUERTO RICO

MOTOR VEHICLES ARE BLESSED IN ROME : Cars, buses, motor-cycles and other vehicles assembled for the annual blessing of the cars in front of the Colosseum, near the Church of St. Francesca Romana. The blessing was bestowed by Bishop Luigi Traglia from the platform half-way up the wall of the Colosseum on right. The ceremony took place on the feast day of St. Francesca, who is the patron saint of motor vehicles. This Roman tradition of blessing vehicles, which is well attended each year, is comparable to the blessing of horses on St. Anthony's day.

"SCARFACE" SKORZENY GETS MARRIED : The dare-devil Nazi soldier, who once described himself as the most dangerous man in the world, with his bride in Madrid. Otto Skorzeny's marriage to Ilse Francisca Ludwig took place in Spain, where for the past year he has been actively engaged in the export trade with Germany. Skorzeny first leapt into fame by his kidnapping of Mussolini from the mountain-top prison in the Apennines in 1943. In his memoirs published last year, he also attributed to himself a number of other hair-raising exploits, some in the personal service of Hitler.

DR. ADENAUER IN PARIS FOR TALKS ON THE SAAR : The West German Chancellor, left, with the French Prime Minister, M. Laniel, and right, the Foreign Minister, M. Bidault, during a brief meeting at the French Foreign Ministry in Paris. Dr. Adenauer was on a flying visit to the French capital, during which he held two meetings with M. Bidault on the future of the Saarland. It was officially stated after these meetings that negotiations between France and Western Germany on the future status of the Saar would continue. But it is believed that France is not yet willing to cede her economic privileges in the Saar or allow Western Germany to enjoy an appreciable share of the markets there.

ROUNDING UP NATIONALISTS IN PUERTO RICO : Supporters of the Puerto Rico Nationalist Party, five of whose members were responsible for the shooting affray in the American Congress, were arrested in an island-wide round-up. *Above*—Police holding back the crowds while they made a surprise raid on the San Juan home of the Nationalist Party leader, Pedro Albizu Campos. *On left*—Albizu Campos is borne away by a police officer after being overcome by tear gas. He was wearing blue pyjamas with a towel wrapped round his shoulders and his feet swathed in cloth. This remarkable garb represented his defence against what he alleged to be an atomic energy ray which was being used against him. *On right*—The party's second-in-command, Jose Sotomayor, after surrendering to police in San Juan. Campos and three of his aides, among them two women, held the police at bay for more than two hours, during which a running gun-battle was fought. Just before the police made a final assault on the Campos' home, a fire broke out in the house, and it was discovered that important papers had been burned.



ULTRA-MODERN DESIGN IN BERLIN'S NEW CONCERT HALL : The much-discussed bronze sculpture symbolising music in the foyer of the newly-built concert hall in West Berlin. The hall is part of the Academy of Music, and has been built to replace the one destroyed during the war. Its cost was nearly £400,000. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will use the new building until their own concert hall, for which funds have now been raised by public subscription, is completed. At present they are playing in an old cinema building.

THE GLASS FRONT OF THE NEW BUILDING : The front of the new concert hall, with the old buildings of the Academy of Music in the left background. The new hall will seat 1,363 people. Architects have described it as one of the most modern in Europe.

A BERET FOR THE PRESIDENT : General Neguib wearing the new beret which had been presented to him in Cairo by Colonel Salah Hatata, officer commanding the Egyptian Infantry. The beret is a new design specially made for infantry soldiers. While President Neguib was thus keeping on good terms with one branch of his Army, efforts were being made to placate cavalry officers as well. It was the cavalry that stood by General Neguib during his brief fall from favour, and which thus incurred the wrath of the young leaders of the Revolutionary Council and of other sections of the Army. After the General had once again assumed the office of Prime Minister as well as President, and Lieut.-Colonel Nasser had resumed the office of Vice-Premier, a number of cavalry officers who had been arrested on Colonel Nasser's orders during the recent *coup* were released. Later, Major Salah Salem, the Minister of National Guidance, talked to the cavalry officers about the regime's plans for constitutional government. It was thought possible that the members of the Revolutionary Council might resign their Army commissions and be candidates in the proposed elections.

VIET-NAM LEADERS NEGOTIATE A NEW TREATY IN PARIS : A general view of the opening session of the conference at the Quai d'Orsay between a Viet-Nam delegation and representatives of the French Government. On left, in the centre of his delegation, is Prince Buu Loc, Prime Minister of Viet-Nam. On the right-hand side of the table can be seen M. Pleven and M. Bidault. France and Viet-Nam are negotiating for a new treaty which would enable Viet-Nam to achieve independence within the framework of the French Union. The Viet-Namese delegation are, however, seeking even more independence than that, and protracted negotiations are in store.

GENERAL NEGUIB RELEASES POLITICAL PRISONERS : *On left*—Major Sayed Ibrahim is led through the prison gate in Cairo on his release by order of President Neguib. *On right*—Lieut.-Colonel Ibrahim Atef shaking hands with the prison commandant on his release. At the same time as he announced Egypt's return to parliamentary government, General Neguib also stated that most political prisoners would also be shortly released. These include a number of former Ministers under ex-King Farouk, as well as opponents of the Revolutionary Council.

DISASTER AT SINGAPORE

A Dramatic Attempt by the Air Crew to Rescue the Passengers of the Constellation which Crashed at Kallang Airport

THE DRAMATIC BUT VAIN ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE PASSENGERS OF THE CONSTELLATION AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED AT KALLANG AIRPORT, EN ROUTE TO LONDON FROM SYDNEY: Members of the crew, who had struggled from the wreck, and other rescue workers, seen dragging Stewardess Josephine Butler, of Torquay, Devon, from the blazing plane shortly after the crash. Miss Butler later died in hospital, bringing the total death-roll to thirty-three; seven members of the crew survived. *Inset on right*—Captain T. W. Hoyle, of Bristol (right), and his co-pilot, First Officer J. B. Perkins, being conveyed to hospital, and *below*—rescue workers seen hacking their way through the blazing fuselage to reach the passengers. It appears that the aircraft undershot the runway when it was landing, the right wing tilting sharply, with the result that it overturned and caught fire immediately. The plane then broke in two. The passengers were trapped in the main body of the aircraft, while the surviving members of the crew were in the forward part.

THE SITE IN MALTA OF A NEW MEMORIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCES : When the Queen arrives in Malta on May 3 in the Royal yacht, she will unveil a memorial to 2,301 airmen who were killed in the Central Mediterranean area and who have no known grave. The memorial will stand in the Rundle Gardens in Valetta, seen above. In the alley of trees on the left is the statue of Christ the King. In the background is the ancient city of Valetta, walled in by its huge bastions.

WORK PROGRESSES ON THE COLUMN : The memorial column will be 50 ft. high and will be surmounted by a bronze eagle. Plaques surrounding the circular base of the monument will bear the names of the fallen airmen.

THE MALTA MEMORIAL

On May 3 the Queen Unveils the Memorial in Valetta to the Commonwealth Airmen who Fell in the Mediterranean Area and have no Known Grave

The Malta memorial to Commonwealth airmen is being put up by the Imperial War Graves Commission as one of several such memorials to commemorate in each theatre of war the airmen who fell and had no known grave ; the Runnymede Memorial for the North-West Europe area was the first. The new memorial will stand in Rundle Gardens, which were heavily bombed during the war and are now being laid out again, in a position overlooking both creeks of Valetta's magnificent Grand Harbour. It will be flanked by the Hotel Phœnicia and the headquarters of N.A.T.O.'s Mediterranean Command.

The column of the memorial will be 50 ft. high and on top of it will stand a gilded bronze eagle. It commemorates 1,545 men of the R.A.F., 286 of the R.C.A.F., 211 of the R.A.A.F., 85 of the R.N.Z.A.F., 171 of the South African Air Force, and 3 men of B.O.A.C. Their names, an inscription and a list of the battlefields over which they flew are recorded on the base of the memorial. Round it there is also a Latin inscription : *Propositi insula tenax tenaces viros commemorat* (By this memorial a steadfast island commemorates steadfast men).

The base of the memorial is being built of Maltese hardstone with a coping of Trani stone from Sicily. The column, which will have decorative carving and moulding, will be made of Travatine stone from Tivoli, in Italy. The memorial has been designed by Sir Hubert Worthington and the eagle is the work of Mr. Charles Wheeler.

When the Queen unveils it the R.N.Z.A.F. will be represented there by a squadron based on Cyprus which will link up with the 78th Fighter Wing of the R.A.A.F. stationed on Malta. The Imperial War Graves Commission will raise other memorials later at El Alamein for North Africa and the Middle East, Singapore for the Far East, Ottawa for North America, and in cemeteries in Australia, New Guinea and the South-West Pacific.

On left—
THE EAGLE WHICH WILL SURMOUNT THE COLUMN : 7 ft. 9 ins. high, of gilded bronze, it was designed by Mr. Charles Wheeler.

LONDON'S CAR PARK PROBLEM

Probably the Most Urgent Task to Alleviate Traffic Congestion in London is to Find Suitable Parking Accommodation

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

CONGESTION in Central London has reached crisis point. Slowly but surely the traffic is grinding to a standstill. On any week-day, at peak hours, the main traffic arteries—built to cope with less than a tenth their present load—are blocked by multiple traffic jams.

While drivers fume and fret at time wasted, appointments missed and business lost, thousands of gallons of fuel go up in useless smoke and thousands of man-hours are lost to industry and commerce. It is a costly bill and one which we pay over and over again, day after day, as the penalty for muddle and delay.

The problem has been recognised for a long time now as one that needs urgent treatment and bold remedies. The Ministry of Transport and all the various councils—county, city and borough—have been talking about it for years.

Now, at long last, and probably only just in time, the Ministry of Transport seems about to move in this urgent, vital matter. Ever since the early part of last year the Minister has had before him a very full report by a Working Party set up in April 1951 to go into the question of car-parking in Central London.

It is patently true that much of London's traffic congestion is due to the obstruction caused by cars parked in the streets because there is nowhere else to leave them. This was recognised when the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee produced—in February 1951—a report on "London Traffic Congestion." It was the work of a special sub-committee appointed "to consider traffic congestion in inner London with special reference to parking problems."

In announcing the appointment of the sub-committee the present Advisory Committee stated that when petrol was derationed and cars became freely available, "these additional difficulties might well result in London's transport being brought to a standstill within two or three years unless adequate steps are taken to relieve the position." That was March 1950! Four years ago!

Well, in May 1951, a few months after the sub-committee had reported, the Transport Minister of those days—Mr. Alfred Barnes—set up a Working Party to consider the sub-committee's recommendations on car parking, and so formulate detailed proposals. And Mr. Barnes' successor—Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd—has had those "detailed proposals" since early last year.

The Working Party put forward a bold plan for the construction of car parks under many of London's famous squares; the erection of multi-storey garages; the introduction of parking meters; and a new and balanced system of waiting regulations.

They estimated that nine underground parks would cost £3,030,000, and that eleven multi-storey garages would entail the expenditure of another £8,660,000—a total of £11,690,000. The Working Party recommended that a start should be made with four garages under Grosvenor Square (with room for 600 cars), Berkeley Square (570), Cavendish Square (230) and St. James's Square (420).

"A survey shows that there are at any time about 2,900 cars parked for periods of over two hours within a quarter-of-a-mile of these Squares," the report states. "These four garages would cater for 1,820 cars, leaving a balance of some 1,000. Two multi-storey garages, in addition, would be required for the latter."

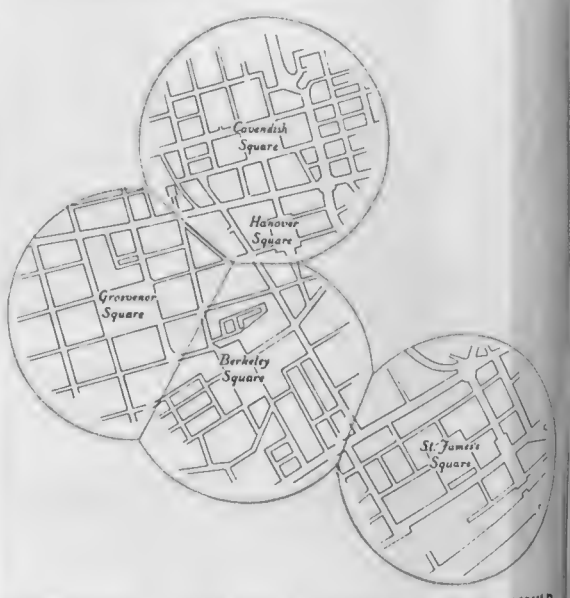
The other five squares selected by the Working Party as sites for underground parking are: Soho Square (with room for 240 cars at a constructional cost of £210,000); Leicester Square (210, £190,000); Lincoln's Inn Fields (570, £460,000); Finsbury Square (400, £360,000); Portman Square (300, £270,000).

AT THE ROOT OF LONDON'S PARKING PROBLEM—PARKING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET IN A BUSY THOROUGHFARE: This view of St. George Street, in the West End, shows the cause of the costly traffic congestion which is the bane of London motoring. On both sides of the street, and on both sides of Hanover Square beyond, vehicles are parked throughout the day.

Here are the areas recommended as sites for eleven multi-storey garages:

	Cars	Cost £
Cavendish Square	750	900,000
Soho Square	750	900,000
Regent Street	600	720,000
Fetter Lane	500	600,000
Aldersgate	500	600,000
Fore Street	500	600,000
Fenchurch Street	800	920,000
Cannon Street	650	780,000
St. Paul's	700	840,000
Hounsditch	1,000	1,200,000
Victoria Street	500	600,000
	7,250	£8,660,000

A lot of money? Yes, but the need for this parking space is desperate and the Minister is expected to announce soon that he is going ahead with the "pilot" scheme for garages under four London squares as recommended by his Working Party.



UNDERGROUND CAR PARKS IN LONDON'S SQUARES WOULD PROVIDE ONE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM: The four areas which, it was suggested by the Working Party on car parking, should be the sites of the first stage of an underground parking scheme. The four areas shown would have accommodation for 1,820 vehicles, and the approximate cost of building underground garages would be £1,540,000.

On left—

HOW AN UNDERGROUND CAR PARK WOULD LOOK IN LEICESTER SQUARE: As long ago as 1924, Leicester Square was suggested as a suitable site for an underground car park. It would be possible for shrubs and trees without deep roots to grow in the square despite the presence of the garage underneath.

A MULTI-STOREY GARAGE ABOVE GROUND : Where underground garages do not meet parking needs in the proposed areas multi-storey garages like this are envisaged. In this picture a vehicle is seen going into one of the entrances to the ramps leading to the upper floors.

SOLVING THE PARKING PROBLEM IN HASTINGS : A view of the largest of the town's three underground car parks, which houses over 500 vehicles, situated on the Carlisle Parade. Hastings was the first town in England to have underground garages on a municipal scale. Their proximity to the beach makes them extremely popular with motorists.

THE KIND OF CAR PARK THAT MAY SOON DISAPPEAR : The problem of parking in London has to some extent been eased by the use of bombed sites like this one in Holborn. As new buildings are rising on these sites however, even this temporary alleviation of traffic congestion will disappear.

On left—

THE AMERICAN-TYPE PARKING METER WHICH MIGHT BE INTRODUCED IN LONDON : While the proposed garages are designed for the long-term parker, parking meters such as this are recommended to cater for vehicles which are to be parked for two hours or less. The recommended charge is sixpence for an hour and a shilling for two.

It is no new idea to burrow below the ground for car-parking space. As long ago as 1924 the Automobile Association prepared a detailed plan for a garage under Leicester Square with accommodation for 250 cars, and had a model built. And at Hastings they have three garages under the promenade with accommodation for a total of 900 cars.

"The original park was the one at Carlisle Parade, which was opened in 1931," states Mr. W. H. Dyer, the borough's Director of Publicity. "It was actually incidental to the main scheme, which was the construction of a new promenade 60 ft. wide and about three-quarters of a mile long.

"Being made of reinforced concrete, a portion of this promenade had a hollow interior. It was originally proposed to use it as a store, but the Council suddenly conceived the bright idea of turning it into a car park. In this way Britain's first public underground cark park came into being."

In a number of countries much more enterprise has been shown than in Britain and a greater sense of urgency brought to the car-parking problem. In San Francisco, for example, they have had a magnificent underground garage in operation since 1942. It is a three-storey affair under Union Square Park in the heart of the city, and it has room for 1,700 cars. It normally handles 3,000 cars a day.

There is another big underground garage in Buenos Aires, under the main boulevard in the city's down-town area. In Washington there is an underground garage near the Capitol for the use of Congressmen. In many cities in a variety of countries there are some fine examples of multi-storey garages above ground. Even in London we have some good pre-war examples, including the Cumberland Garage in Bryanston Street, W.1; the Metropolis at Olympia; the Lex Garage near Piccadilly Circus; and the Eton Garage near Chalk Farm Station.

ANOTHER TYPE OF MULTI-STOREY GARAGE : This picture of a car park of the open type shows outside ramps leading to all the floors, though these buildings might also have interior ramps. Multi-storey garages have been recommended for eleven areas of London. Costing £8,660,000 they are to accommodate 7,250 vehicles.

They do not, however, begin to compare with the modern five-storey garage recently completed in Dusseldorf. It gives a day and night service for private cars, has room for 600 vehicles—and even has sleeping accommodation for twenty people! If bomb-battered, defeated Germany can put up garages like that, so can we.

In New York the Battery Garage has accommodation for 1,500 cars on seven levels. In a number of U.S. cities, including Washington, Pittsburgh and Boston, there are examples of open-deck garages: buildings with only parapet side walls to prevent cars being driven "over the edge." Access to the various floors and to the flat roof—also used for parking—is by ramp. These "open air" garages have much to commend them, including their relatively low cost of construction.

The extent of London's parking problem is shown by the figures revealed in a 1951 census. In Inner London—an area of 7¼ square miles—some 16,000 vehicles were parked in the streets for long periods. These cars, states the Working Party report, had nowhere else to go, as accommodation off the highway was insufficient by about 12,000 vehicle spaces.

The Working Party considered and rejected a large number of suggestions, because they were either too expensive—such as roofing over or tunnelling under the railway termini—or impractical. Under the latter heading came ideas for pontoons on the Thames and for having parking spaces on the inner part of the big squares and on the roads of the Royal parks.

In plumping for more garages, above and below ground, as "the only satisfactory solution of the problem," the Working Party were obviously not unaware of the possibility that, because of the value of underground garages as air-raid shelters, a contribution towards the initial cost and subsequent maintenance might be forthcoming from Civil Defence funds.

(*Continued on following page*)

LONDON'S CAR PARK PROBLEM (*Cont.*)

AN UNDERGROUND GARAGE IN AMERICA—UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO : A view of Union Square after excavation work had been almost completed. *On right*—The Square as it looks to-day. The garage, which was opened in 1942, cost about £535,000. There are three storeys, with accommodation for 1,700 vehicles. Besides providing parking accommodation, the Union Square garage has all the amenities of a normal servicing station. A pleasant lounge and rest rooms are also provided for waiting motorists. The garage's four exits lead to the principal shops, theatres and hotels in San Francisco, and a pedestrian tunnel specifically connects the garage with a near-by hotel.

MERGING THE GARAGE WITH THE SHOPPING CENTRE : In this impression of a modern building part of the ground-floor is devoted to shops ; another part, on right, to an open type of car park. On the left is the entrance to an underground garage.

THE TOO-FAMILIAR LONDON SCENE : A traffic hold-up in Regent Street, which is aggravated by vehicles parked by the kerb. It has been estimated that nearly £100,000,000 a year is lost in London by traffic jams like this one.

(*Continued from previous page*)

The garages, when built by the Transport Ministry or its agents, could be let on tender to "approved operators," who might be either the local authority or an experienced garage firm. The garage charges would be purposely kept below normal commercial rates and the Working Party has recommended a scale of fees ranging from 1s. 6d. for a car of 16-h.p. or under for up to three hours ; to 3s. 6d. for a car of over 25-h.p. for 6–12 hours.

It is recommended that the small deficit expected on the running of the garages (after making allowance for the rental and the revenue from parking meters installed near the garages) should be shared equally by the Minister and the local authority. The annual deficit on operating the first four garages (Grosvenor, Berkeley, Cavendish and St. James's) is estimated at £15,000 or less, including amortisation.

The suggested parking meter charges are sixpence for up to one hour and a shilling for between one and two hours. "Parking meters," say the Working Party, "will help drivers wishing to park for a short time, assist enforcement, and also provide a useful revenue which should be used for meeting part of the cost of providing garages."

The Working Party make it clear that they do not want parking meters installed until *after* the garages have been built. The A.A. and the R.A.C. feel very strongly on this point. They are dead against charges for parking on the highway, and they have agreed to the use of parking meters only if they are installed after the garages have been built.

The Working Party makes a strong point of the need for all new and reconstructed buildings to have their own private parking space for the use of all who work in or visit them. Unless this policy is actively pursued the street-parking problem would arise all over again.

Fears have been expressed that the provision of garages under the famous London squares would greatly detract from their appearance, and that in particular the removal of the famous plane trees—which have deep roots and would not survive in shallow soil—would be too big a price to pay.

These fears were dealt with at some length by a member of the Working Party—Mr. C. D. Buchanan, of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government—in a kind of minority report. In the case of Berkeley Square, he said, three-quarters of the whole garden would be taken up by the garage and the soil depth would be so reduced that tall plane trees could not grow. Part of the surface of the Square would be taken up by access ramps and there would still be a solid line of cars parked round the Square on the surface.

"The proposals would, I am sure, destroy something that I and, I believe, a great many other people, have come to value possibly more highly than any other feature of Central London," said Mr. Buchanan. "It is not just the emotions of a few people who wander in the squares that is threatened ; it is a vital part of the character of London that is at stake."

But this critic of the scheme for underground garages did not base his strictures on æsthetic grounds alone. For he went on to say : "I think it should be remembered that the people who at present come into Central London by car and cause traffic congestion by parking on the streets for long periods are a small minority (probably no more than 2 per cent.) of the 750,000 people who enter the area daily by all forms of transport.

"Of this minority a great many appear to be using their cars mainly for their own convenience as an alternative to public transport to reach their places of work. These facts alone raise a serious doubt in my mind whether the long-period parker should be provided with accommodation at less than cost price, or even be the subject of heavy capital investment by the Government at all."

I quote Mr. Buchanan because he has put into words the thoughts of some of the opponents of the Working Party scheme. His views were reflected to a certain extent by the comments of the London County Council.

The L.C.C. say that while the construction of multi-storey and underground garages is desirable in principle the general development of garages under London squares should not be undertaken until experience has been gained from the construction of garages under Finsbury and Grosvenor Squares. A garage under Finsbury Square is not among the four recommended by the Working Party as the first stage of their plan. Actually, it comes last but one in their priority list.

The L.C.C. urges that street parking charges and further restrictions on long-term street parking should be imposed even *before* more off-street parking space becomes available—an idea to which the motoring organisations are violently opposed. The L.C.C. say it would result in a greater use of public transport. "To reduce hardship," they say, "it may be desirable to provide parking space at key points towards the perimeter of the county on public transport routes into the central area."

It is to be hoped that in deciding on his course of action the Minister of Transport takes a larger view of the problem than the L.C.C. have done. This traffic congestion is too big a problem to be solved by merely tinkering with it. It has been estimated that traffic hold-ups in the London area cost between £75,000,000 and £100,000,000 a year in wasted time and fuel, accidents and vehicle wear. The figure for the area within a 3-miles radius of Charing Cross is £15,000,000 a year.

Now read this : "In many places cars are frequently left on the public roads for long periods at a time—often on each side of the street—and many people seem to think they have a perfect right so to leave their cars. "This is an entire fallacy. The streets are intended for the movement of traffic of all kinds, not for the purpose of parking cars while the owners or persons in charge are engaged on business or pleasure." These words were written in July 1929. They appeared in the first report of the Royal Commission on Transport. Twenty-five years ago !

Since then the problem has become so vast that some people have been frightened into saying that private cars should be excluded from the Central London area altogether. What a policy of despair that is ! When people start saying that sort of thing they are not tackling the problem at all. They are simply side-stepping it.

THE MOTOR-RACE TRACK IN FRONT OF THE STANDS: Tarmac being laid between the stands and the spectators' rails at Aintree, Liverpool. The heavy railings around the motor track will be removed for horse-race meetings. The motor-racing track which is being built follows the Grand National course except for one short diversion in the centre of the racecourse.

MOTOR-RACING ROUND THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE

A Track is being laid at Aintree on which International Motor and Motor-cycle Race Meetings will be held in the Summer

Aintree, famed as the scene of the Grand National, will have thrills of another kind when the Liverpool Spring Meeting is over. On May 29 the first international motor-race meeting is to be held over a course at present under construction. The race track follows the Grand National course, apart from a small diversion in the middle, and it promises to be one of the best in the country. It is exactly three miles long. Besides motor-racing meetings it is hoped also to stage motor-cycle races. Aintree is an ideal place for large meetings, for the sloping ground will enable well over 200,000 people to view each race easily. Mrs. M. D. Topham, the managing director of the Grand National, is also chairman of the new motor-racing company. She is being advised by Mr. Geoffrey Duke on the promotion of international motor-cycle races, while the British Automobile Racing Club will have charge of international motor-racing events.

LEVELLING THE TRACK BEFORE APPLYING THE SURFACE: Work in progress at the first turn past the stands. There will be grandstand accommodation for 20,000, and the natural slope of the ground will enable another 200,000 people to view the whole of each motor race.

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT OPPOSITE THE FINISHING POST: The laying of the motor-racing track in front of the stands. An international motor-racing meeting is scheduled to take place at the end of May.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORIA

After their Stay in Melbourne, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh make an Extensive Tour of the State, being Warmly Greeted at Each Town en route

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE MELBOURNE OPERA: The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, steps from her car on arrival at the Princess Theatre to attend a performance of *The Tales of Hoffmann* given by members of the National Theatre Movement. Throughout the day, when no official engagements had been arranged for the Royal couple, great crowds had assembled along the route from Government House, the Queen's residence in the city, and there was loud cheering as Her Majesty's car passed by. During the course of the late afternoon, the Duke visited the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club, where he met Melbourne yachtsmen.

A GUSTY RECEPTION AT WARRAGUL: Royal tour officials assist the Queen as a gust of wind ruffles her dress and turns up the red carpet spread out at the showground. Moving forward to greet the Queen is the Transport Minister, Mr. Coleman. This visit formed part of the tour of Victoria.

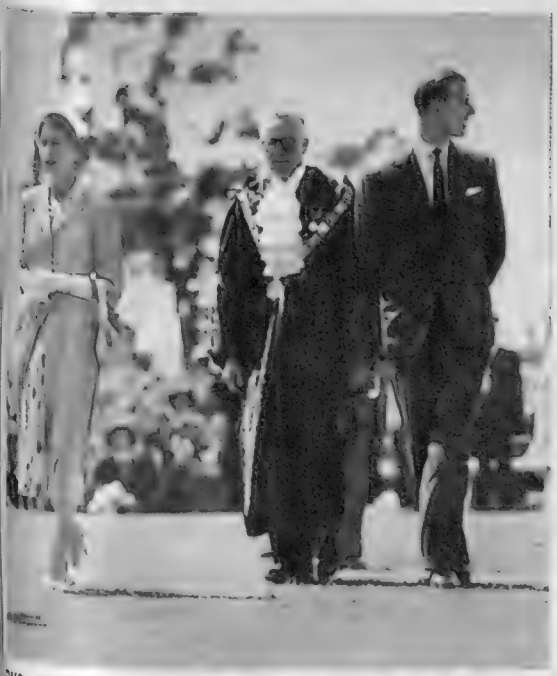
A WAVE FROM THE BALCONY OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE: The occasion was a garden party held in the grounds of the Governor's residence. The Queen and the Duke had many engagements in the city.

THE DUKE PRESENTS THE QUEEN'S COLOURS TO THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY: This ceremony took place at the Flinders Naval Depot, 45 miles south of Melbourne, on the Mornington Peninsula, and was witnessed by a parade of 2,300 men and women of the Service. After the presentation of the Colours, the Duke met several officers and ratings with whom he had served during the war. He also inspected the Royal Australian Naval College.

ANOTHER OCCASION FOR THE DUKE: He is seen with the Chancellor, Sir Charles Lowe, during his visit to Melbourne University. They are seated in the memorial chairs on the dais. It was during this engagement that the Duke was gleefully "ragged" by the University students.

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE OPERA: With the Queen and the Duke are the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks; in the background is Lady Alice Egerton, a Lady-in-Waiting. For this occasion the box was draped in white satin and turquoise-blue velvet, while the rest of the theatre was decorated in white satin embroidered with gold Tudor roses. The performance was relayed to the vast crowd assembled outside the theatre.

THE VISIT TO THE OPEN-CUT BROWN COAL-WORKINGS AT YALLOURN: Describing the scene to the Queen is Mr. R. A. Hunt, chairman of the State Electricity Commission.



TWO MORE STOPS DURING THE EXTENSIVE TOUR OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA: *Left*—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seen with the Mayor of Shepparton, and on *right*, saying farewell after the reception at Echuca. The Royal couple made three big tours of the State, travelling by air, train and car, and at the end, just before the departure for Brisbane, the Queen sent a message to Melbourne's Lord Mayor saying: "I have had a wonderful time in Victoria, and enjoyed everything."

RICH MAN'S PLAYGROUND IN A TROUBLED ISLAND: An aerial view of the luxurious beach hotels of San Juan around the Conando Lagoon, on the Atlantic side of Puerto Rico. In its sub-tropical climate the island provides pleasant amenities for a few. But on the whole this former American possession, now a commonwealth, relies mainly on sugar and tobacco for its prosperity. The over-populated island's legislature recently defeated a resolution calling for Puerto Rican independence of the United States.

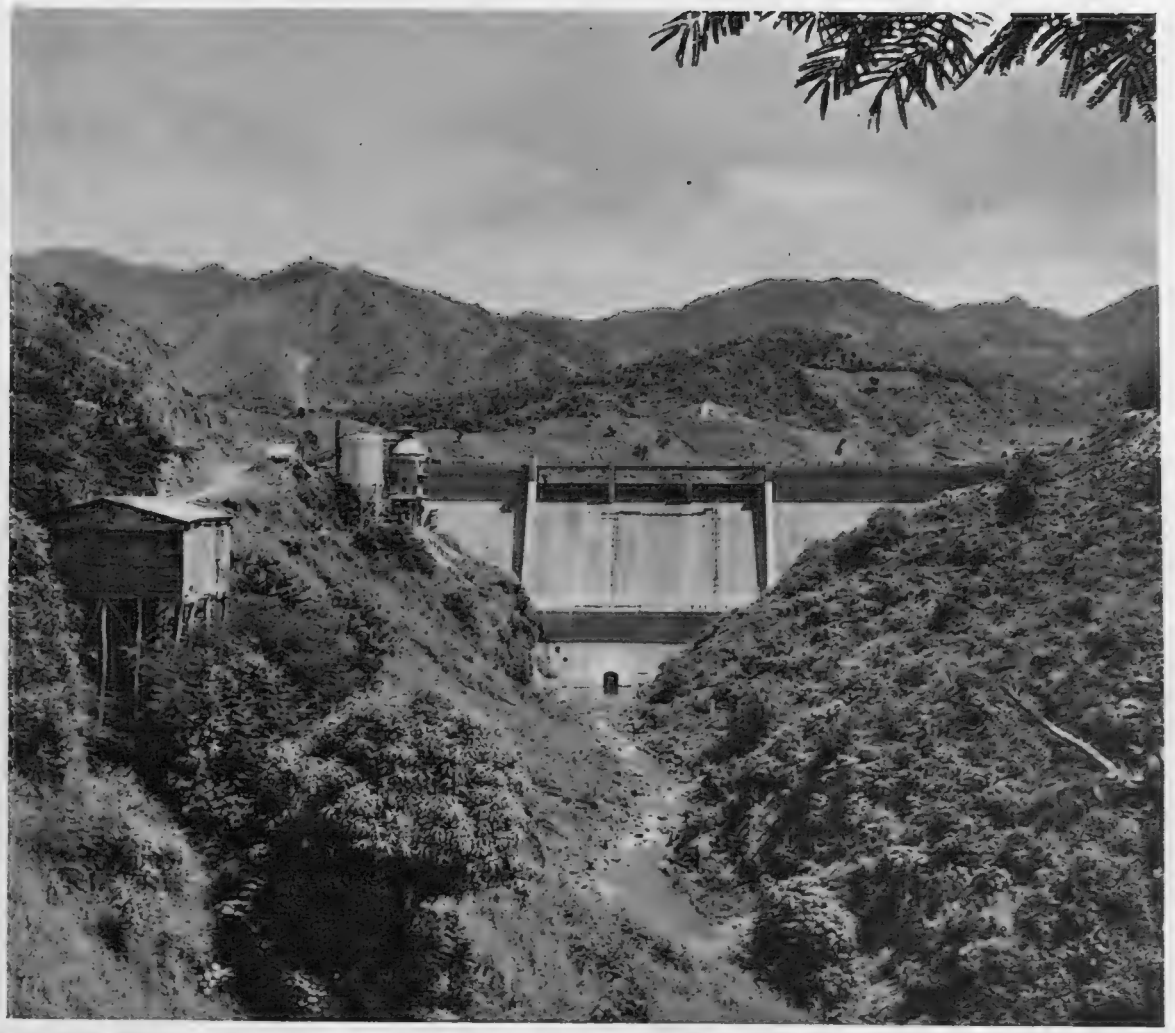
A NEW LAKE WHICH PROMISES TO BE A FISHERMAN'S DELIGHT: Lake Loiza, only a few miles outside San Juan. This is the latest of several man-made lakes in the island. When filled it will occupy 970 acres. Already it has been stocked with large-mouth bass and bluegills.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

The Former American Possession, Most of Whose People do not Seek Independence Now, but Whose Extreme Nationalists have Recently Forced Dramatic Attention on Themselves in Washington

The recent shooting in the United States Congress by fanatical adherents of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico has called attention to that island's place in American politics. Ceded by Spain to the United States in 1898, Puerto Rico became an American dependency. Less than two years ago, however, a new constitution was approved which made the island a commonwealth, and set the small state well on the way to independence. Under this new constitution there is a legislature of two Houses which largely adopts its own laws and which makes Puerto Rico almost self-governing. There is also a Puerto Rican representative in Congress in Washington.

While Puerto Rico has been advancing steadily towards self-rule, all but a small though violent minority feel that the time for it is not yet ripe. As recently as last January its Senate defeated a resolution calling for independence by 27 votes to 5. The reason for this attitude may be found in the island's economic position. Its main products are sugar and its subsidiaries and tobacco. But the value of Puerto Rico's imports exceed exports by a half, and about 90 per cent. of all trade is conducted with the United States. It can easily be appreciated how dependent the island is economically on the Federal States. This dependence does not take into account the vast amount of capital expenditure which is contributed by America towards developing Puerto Rico's industry and agriculture and raising the standard of living.



A COSTLY HYDRO-ELECTRIC AND IRRIGATION SCHEME WHICH IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE ISLAND'S SOUTH-WEST: The Yauco dam, which is part of an £11,000,000 project to be completed next year. Altogether five dams, five reservoirs, two power stations and a vast system of irrigation canals will expand agriculture and industry in the arid land to the south of the mountain range at Yauco. It is expected that with the irrigation canals more than 30,000 acres of farmland, potentially fertile but at present useless, will be reclaimed. Projects like this, which require vast capital expenditure, are taken in hand by the United States Government in order to expand the economy of Puerto Rico. The island pays no federal taxes, and local taxation is low, thus encouraging new industries from the mainland. But the Government in Washington exercises the same control over defence, foreign policy and labour matters as it does over ordinary American States.

HE FORTRESS THAT GUARDS THE HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN: The massive fortification of El Morro, standing at the mouth of the harbour, was begun in 1539 and completed in 1606. The picturesque buildings and grounds have now been turned into a national park. Behind the fort can be seen the city of San Juan, and in the distance El Yunque mountain. Nearly 500,000 of Puerto Rico's population of 2,500,000 live in San Juan. But poverty and overcrowding have driven many to seek work in the U.S.A.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

Grenades were Thrown as he Entered the Mosque at Marrakesh with his Cousin, El Glaoui, who Later Himself Shot Down the Escaping Assassin

TO THE MOSQUE AT MARRAKESH : Just before two bombs exploded, the Sultan of Morocco is seen walking to the mosque hand-in-hand with El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh (left), on the Muslim Sabbath.

SEALING OFF THE MOSQUE : Soldiers of the Berber Black Guard prevented the crowd from leaving the mosque after the explosions. The bomb incident took place despite stringent security precautions, here supervised by El Glaoui's eldest son, which have been in force throughout the Sultan's tour.

As Sidi Mohamed Ben Moulay Arafa, Sultan of Morocco, and his cousin El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, were entering the Berrima Mosque at Marrakesh for Sabbath prayers a fortnight ago, two hand-grenades exploded. The Sultan was slightly wounded over the eye and three of his aides suffered minor wounds. From under colourful desert robes, automatic pistols were swiftly drawn. A man bolting from the mosque was summarily shot down; El Glaoui himself put four shots into the would-be assassin. The Sultan and El Glaoui then went into the mosque for their prayers.

Since the French deposed the former Sultan last August, two other separate attacks have been made on the new Sultan and his cousin.

THE SULTAN, PISTOL IN HAND, WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS EYE : The two hand-grenades which exploded in the Berrima Mosque at Marrakesh only slightly wounded the Sultan, a fragment of one gashing his forehead. Three of his aides were slightly injured as well. It was the second attempt on the Sultan's life since he came to power last August after the French deposed and exiled his predecessor. Last September he was riding through the streets of Rabat, when a man attacked him with a knife.

A VOLLEY OF SHOTS AND A CURSE FOR THE ASSAILANT: The bullet-ridden corpse in the background is that of Ahmed ben Ali, a lorry driver, believed to be a member of a Nationalist group opposed to the pro-French Sultan. He was shot down as he tried to break out of the mosque, El Glaoui himself putting four shots into the man. Three of the Sultan's men above are firing at his prostrate body, while a fourth raises his arm in malediction. "It is the will of Allah," said the Sultan afterwards.

THE BLACK GUARD SURROUNDS THE BERRIMA MOSQUE: Everyone in the mosque was searched and questioned by the Berber Black Guard before they were allowed to leave. This was the second recently attempted assassination on El Glaoui and his cousin, the Sultan; El Glaoui survived a similar attack unscathed only a fortnight previously. The French say that since they deposed the former Sultan last August, sixty people have been killed and several hundred wounded in attacks by Moroccan nationalists.

EVENTS IN KENYA

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff Carries-Out an Inspection, and the Court-Martial of Captain Griffiths is Resumed

THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF IN KENYA : Field-Marshal Sir John Harding is seen (second from the left) watching a member of the Kikuyu Home Guard demonstrate his skill with a bow and arrow. The Field-Marshal was visiting Kenya to investigate military operations there.

On left—
THE MAN WHO DELAYED A NAIROBI COURT-MARTIAL : Private Ali Segat (right), an Askari, is seen with Regimental Sergeant-Major K. Evans after being located in the African bush. Private Segat was one of the witnesses in the court-martial of Captain Gerald Selby Lewis Griffiths, who was accused of ill-treating Mau Mau suspects. When the trial of Captain Griffiths was resumed, it was discovered that Private Segat had been given forty-two days' leave.

THE C.I.G.S. SEES FOR HIMSELF : Followed by the East African Commander-in-Chief, General Sir George Erskine, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding walks through the thick undergrowth of one of the forward combat areas in Kenya. While he was visiting the operational areas the C.I.G.S. was able to measure the great improvement made in military strength and jungle technique since his last visit to the area. While Field-Marshal Sir John Harding was in Kenya, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, arrived, and the two men held several discussions during which they reviewed some of the many problems, both political and military, in Kenya.

THE VICE-GOVERNOR OF MENDOZA (LEFT) CONGRATULATES THE MEMBERS OF THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH EXPEDITION TO MOUNT ACONCAGUA : Three of the members of the expedition are seen on the right of this picture. They are Adrien Dagory, Lucien Berardini and Pierre Lesveur. All three were suffering from severe frostbite. Aconcagua, of over 23,000 ft., is the highest mountain in South America.

The Price of SUCCESS

A French Victory on Aconcagua, the Highest Mountain in the Andes

Although it was first climbed in 1897, Aconcagua, which has earned the name "Monster of the Andes," has, because of the many technical and physical difficulties that it poses, always presented a challenge to mountaineers, and more than one life has been lost on its treacherous slopes. Members of the recent French expedition to the mountain, whose victory has just been made known, are well able to testify to the punishment that it can mete out.

The expedition, led by Rene Ferlet, chose to climb the mountain from the south side—the face which presented the most difficulties. Six members of this expedition are now in a military hospital in Mendoza receiving medical treatment for severe frostbite, and it is feared that each of these men will have some fingers or toes amputated to prevent gangrene from setting in. Such was the force of the "white wind"—the snow which is whipped up by a wind of nearly gale force—that the assault party, who had no oxygen equipment, took seven hours to cover the last 30 yards to the summit. But despite their wounds, the Frenchmen are happy in their victory and are already planning their next expedition. As soon as they are on their feet again, the members of the French mountaineering team intend to climb some of the many other difficult peaks that are to be found in South America.

DAGORY READS CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS WHILE DOCTORS DRESS HIS FROST-BITTEN FOOT : *On left*—The most seriously injured climber, Edmond Denis, seen being carried into hospital. Helping to carry him is Rene Ferlet (left), the leader of the expedition. Despite their severe frostbite, which, it is feared, will result in several amputations, the team can think only of future climbs.

The PASSING OF THE DOMINIE

Once the Proudest of Scotland's Institutions, the Education System is Now Getting some Harsh Criticism

By GEORGE BLAKE

ANY item of educational news is always good for headlines in the Scottish newspapers, not to mention scores of Letters to the Editor, and to that extent the queer folk who dwell North of the Border live up to their traditional interest in the subject. Towards the end of last year the native journalists had a specially grand time with all sorts of anomalies and tragi-comedies arising out of both the System, as laid down in Whitehall, and the intractable facts of Geography.

Under the gay heading "Charlie Pipped by Yards," the regional edition of what is called a "national" newspaper told, in quite a brilliant bit of reporting, the sad tale of a small boy called Charles Gilfillan. The son of a farmer in a Perthshire glen, and only five years old, the child is called upon to walk nearly two miles to the nearest village school—and back home again, of course—admittedly quite an outing for a wee chap in such wintry weather as so often afflicts his native heath.

Now, if the Gilfillan farm had been more than two miles from the school, the child would be conveyed to and from this seat of learning by mechanical transport at public expense, but the local Education Committee took a stand on the rules. The County Road Surveyor was called in to measure the distance between the farm-house porch and that of the village school, and found it to be 1.98 miles, just 35 yards short of the statutory limit, and the Committee had to decide that little Charlie must continue to use his legs.

On the first day of the week following this pathetic disclosure in the Walt Disney idiom, one of the Sunday newspapers came away with a somewhat indignant tale about a young man who (or so ran the implication) is pampered by the rules just as Charlie Gilfillan is pipped by them. This unnamed citizen lives in the back-blocks of Lanarkshire but attends the Glasgow School of Architecture on three nights every week. The last bus takes him to within nine miles of his home, but not until 11.50 p.m., by which time cross-country transport by public vehicle has stopped. So the local Education Committee has to lay on for this young man a taxi at a weekly cost of £2 5s., payable by you and me in income tax. As the reporter in this case feelingly asks: *What about a bike?*

These are both moral tales of much interest and importance. They may seem to indicate that the modern Scot is as passionately devoted to self-advancement through sound education as ever his grandfather was; and one has a sneaking sympathy with both the little boy from the Perthshire farm-house and the earnest architectural student from a harsher countryside. They can also suggest that the nationalisation of education has taken from the Scot his old pride in getting the best possible education on his own steam. It is quite certain that, fifty years ago, Charlie Gilfillan would have cheerfully walked from Glenfarg to Arngask and thought nothing about it, and that the anonymous architectural student would have contrived his comings-and-goings without the help of a taxi at £2 5s. a week.

Cases of the kind keep cropping up in Scotland, a country of many wide, open spaces, especially in the Highlands. One recent tale concerned a twelve-year-old boy who, living on a remote farm, in a glen running down to Loch Lomond, must leave home at 7 a.m. for the most convenient school and, thanks to infrequent rail connections, cannot get back till 8 p.m., and that after a three-mile walk over a hill track each way. It is not so very long ago since Argyll County Council had to lay on a motor-boat to transport to and from the nearest school daily the offspring of a shepherd whose cottage was cocked up on the hillside above Loch Long, far beyond the end of the main road.

The Norwegians solve this problem, even more acute along the fjords, by collecting the children from outlying homesteads and parking them in hostels until the holidays come round, and the practice is followed in Scotland to some extent, especially in the case of teen-agers from the islands who have qualified for the secondary grade. Otherwise, vast stretches of rural Scotland in the sheep-farming uplands of the Lowlands as well as in the under-populated Highland parishes, are threaded day in, day out by chartered buses, the odd taxi and the van carrying the schools meals—all in the blessed name of education.

The phenomenon has really nothing to do with the traditional Scottish devotion to that subject. The lonely shepherd's child and the local authority that lays on a taxi for him are both obeying Statute, and they would both be in trouble if they neglected it. The eccentricity of Scottish topography does the rest. And Statute has always a levelling effect. The Highland urchin suffers no more, and is no better educated, than his opposite number in the Lake District or on the Yorkshire moors. The legend that Scottish education is more efficient than that of England had certain solid bases in history, but these bases are being undermined. There are those highly placed in teaching in Scotland who ruefully suggest that the gifted English boy or girl can, within school years,

(*Continued on following page*)

A WAYSIDE PARISH SCHOOL IN THE UPLANDS: Round the school of Daer and Powtrail, in the sheep-farming country of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, the hills rise over 2,000 ft. The classroom and the schoolmistress's lonely home are both under the same roof. The average attendance of ten pupils may have swollen since this picture was taken, as a result of recent water power schemes in the Daer Valley.

On left—

HAPPILY TO SCHOOL: Three young Scottish hopefuls set out with their dog on a summer's morning to their school in a crofting area of the Western Highlands. It will be oilskins and gum-boots for them in winter.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION: The Doric nucleus of Edinburgh Academy, founded in 1824 by a group of distinguished citizens, including Henry Cockburn, Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeing") and Sir Walter Scott. Largely a day school, but with provision for boarders, it is governed by an independent Board consisting mainly of former pupils, and provides education for sons of the professional classes at the highest secondary level.

IN THE LAB. AT WATSON'S : George Watson's College for Boys—there is a separate College for "Ladies"—is one of the remarkable group of senior secondary schools under the independent control of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh; most of the schools were founded on the bequests of successful native merchants of the past—George Watson, Daniel Stewart and James Gillespie, for example. An eighteenth-century figure, Watson was first a trader in Holland, then accountant of the Bank of Scotland. Headmastership of an Edinburgh Merchant Company school is one of the "plums" of the teaching profession. Mainly day schools, their standards in scholarship and sport are of the highest, their lists of distinguished former pupils formidable.

JAMES BRIDIE'S ALMA MATER : Glasgow Academy is the western equivalent of Edinburgh Academy; it is independently governed mainly by former pupils and is operated as a War Memorial Trust. Its pupils are drawn largely from the professional and commercial classes of Clydeside. Some of the senior boys are seen at their ease in the library.

THE PASSING OF THE DOMINIE

(*Continued from previous page*)

approach more nearly to university standard than his or her cousin North of the Border.

This is a somewhat technical issue, and it concerns the management of senior secondary education only. The primary school is much of a muchness everywhere; the junior secondary, whether in England or Scotland, seems not much more than a dumping-ground for those who, of moderate attainments, are still determined to leave school as soon as possible after midnight on their fifteenth birthdays. The critical decision was that of the Scottish Education Department a few years ago to simplify the terms on which a secondary pupil may obtain the Scottish Leaving Certificate. In place of the traditional Intermediate and Higher Certificates there is now only one; it can be taken in bits and pieces without the effort required to face a series of written examinations in one agonised fortnight. The English authorities, on the other hand, have preserved the distinction between Intermediate and Higher, and even provide an Advanced qualification for unusually gifted pupils; and there are many in Scotland, employers as well as pedagogues, who shake their heads over what they believe to be a decline of the northern standards. The lowering of the target is unhappily accompanied by the increasing unwillingness of male Honours graduates to regard teaching as anything but a dead-end alternative to a nice, fat job in industry.

The difference between English and Scottish education in 1954 lies precisely in the fact that the English authorities have maintained the distinction between Higher and Lower that the Scottish authorities have abandoned for a single intermediate standard. It is thus possible to say that Scottish education in this year of grace is not all it was once cracked up to be: that the brilliant pupil of Manchester Grammar School, for instance, is apt to be farther advanced towards university standard than an equally gifted lad in, say, George Watson's College.

The old virtues of the Scottish system were based mainly on thorough education on the parish level, first of all, and then on the level of regional grammar schools. John Knox is credited with the establishment of the parish school long before England had anything like a system, and the Kirk certainly dominated popular education in Scotland through several centuries, from the Reformation onwards. Whatever the motives of these early Presbyterians, the parish school was very much the affair of the parish minister, with occasional support from the local laird until, well into the nineteenth century, the first School Boards were formed. He was the boss; he conducted the regular catechisms and examinations; he was often enough a petty local tyrant, but the fact remains that the bulk of the Scottish folk submitted to the ecclesiastical discipline.

A poor people, living then in an underdeveloped country, they shrewdly perceived the advantages of education, and not always on the material level. Rightly or wrongly, peasants dreamed of the day when one of their sons would "wag his heid in a pulpit," and they would make fantastic sacrifices to bring this about. Those were the days when the village dominie, living on a negligible stipend and largely on gifts in kind, would put all he knew into the tuition of "the lad of parts": those the days when a Highland boy, setting out for a Lowland university, carried a bag of oatmeal to keep him in life during the winter. It was almost a passion on the national scale, this hunger of a poor and thoughtful people for education; and it is from those days that the legend of Scottish superiority in the matter really dates.

The industrialisation of Scotland and the ever-increasing concentration of population in the Forth-Clyde valley, with a lot of help from the Civil Service, changed all that. Within the levelling processes of our age, a primary or junior secondary school in Motherwell is not (making a little allowance for regional manglings of the English tongue) very little different from a primary or junior secondary in Macclesfield. But it is still possible to suggest—no more than that—that something of the old Knoxian spirit remains with his fellow-countrymen.

It is a wonderful experience to take a hill road in the Highlands or the deep Lowlands and come on a schoolhouse, miles from anywhere else. It is usually managed by a brisk girl out of one of the cities, living absolutely alone in the uplands, with only her wireless-set and the bleating of black-face sheep from the ambient hillsides to assure her that life really does go on. She has a big school if her pupils number fourteen all told. Why she does it on less than a city typist's salary one may never know and can hardly ask. It is one way of living, and only for the dedicated.

There is little enough to be said about Public Schools in Scotland—Loretto, Merchiston Castle, and the rest. They were frankly modelled on the English pattern. Trinity College, Glenalmond, for instance, was a wholly artificial creation, with the late and eminent W. E. Gladstone taking a hand in its foundation in the interests of Episcopalianism. Within this group Fettes College, founded on the benefactions of an Edinburgh merchant, is perhaps unusual in the generosity of its bursaries in deserving cases.

The old traditions of Scottish education are, despite official whimsies and not a little discontent among teachers in the Honours group of learning, most faithfully cherished in the grammar schools, of which the country has so many fine, fruity specimens. Some of these have passed under the local Education Authority

THE NEW LOOK : Teen-age girls work for the Leaving Certificate under the keen eye of a young lady not long emerged from the student grade. The modern layout and up-to-date facilities of this new building, the Inch Junior Secondary School, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, is one measure of what the taxpayer gets back from the State in the way of free education for his children.

ONE GATEWAY TO LEARNING : This once was a school to which a handful of shepherds' and gamekeepers' children would probably walk miles over the wild Argyllshire country between peaks of the Black Mount and peaty expanses of the Moor of Rannoch. Main rail and road routes between Glasgow and Fort William pass close by, but improved bus services and depopulation have emptied it. Climbers and hikers now use it as a week-end hut.

PORRIDGE-FED : A reading lesson for infants in the village school at Inchnadamph, remotely situated among the mountains of Sutherlandshire. Their education will be basically sound, but the "lad of parts" will have to travel far and at considerable public expense to reach the secondary stage.

THE LAST WORD : Smithfield Primary School, on the outskirts of Aberdeen, is the fulfilment of a pedagogue's dream, with warm classrooms brilliantly lit, washrooms with showers, two dining-rooms (where meals are free to those who cannot afford them), a hall with a fully-equipped stage, and a main corridor 185 yards long. But better amenities have not been matched by higher educational standards.

HEART OF PERTHSHIRE : Trinity College, Glenalmond, is a successful public school founded in 1841 and run on English lines with a strong Episcopalian background. Wild country in the background encourages a tradition of self-reliance out of doors. Oxford and Cambridge receive most of its more brilliant pupils. The great William Ewart Gladstone took a hand in its foundation.

PIPES AND DRUMS : The J.T.C. band leads the school's youth organisations past the classical façade of Dollar Academy after an inspection. A co-educational school with an unusual history and a fine record, it cherishes among its possessions the original vacuum flask produced by the inventor, the late Sir James Dewar, a former pupil at Dollar.

EDINBURGH LANDMARK : The Gothic mass of Fettes College dates only from the late '60's. The original bequest of Sir William Fettes (1750-1836), twice Lord Provost of Edinburgh, is generous to foundationers of a school now run mainly on the English public school model. Many second and third generation Fettesians attend the school.

oth, as in the case of Glasgow High School, a subtle decline of their status; others have lustily survived under independent Boards of Governors: Edinburgh Academy and Glasgow Academy, for instance. Some are wholly day schools, some make some sort of provision for boarders without being rightly classifiable as boarding-schools, but the character of them all is quite definitely conditioned by local circumstances and local patriotism. Perhaps the most remarkable expression of this is in the fine old foundations governed by the Merchant Company of Edinburgh—George Watson's, Daniel Stewart's and the rest—and George Heriot's Trust: schools from which any likely boy can proceed to a good university scholarship or to Twickenham in a blue jersey, or both.

Two great Scottish schools—Morrison's at Crieff and the Academy at Dollar, in the tiny county of Clackmannan—are oddities, Dollar rather the odder of the two in its constitution. Both are situated in lovely and rather remote parts of Central Scotland; both take in a large number of day pupils, and both are fortified by hard cores of boarders of both sexes. Founded in terms of the will of a native who made a fortune out of seafaring in the eighteenth century, Dollar gives education at public school level and for practically nothing to natives of the parish. It copes with "parishioners," the children of folk who, not natives, live and pay rates within the parish, and at remarkably moderate fees. It deals with a considerable army of boys and girls oddly called "train pupils," travelling daily from and to places within a radius of some twenty miles. There remain the boarders, their parents paying substantially for their privileges.

Dollar Academy is unique, but one may think it the very model of a truly democratic system of education. Your boy at Dollar may, quite literally, sit in class between a ploughman's son and a peer's son. But it is only a rather special case among the large number of very fine schools that are the true repositories of the old parochial tradition, and the social observer may care to take note of the fact that the waiting-lists for the fee-paying schools grow longer and longer (the books of Dollar are full till 1966), while the halflins, as we call them in Scotland, are groaning to get out of the junior secondaries and into *ad hoc* employment without apprenticeship.

Only a few weeks ago Paisley Town Council passed by a large majority a resolution "viewing with dismay and alarm the state of Scottish education." The debate was not reported in even the best of our Scottish newspapers, merely this sad conclusion, and one can only hope that the good town councillors fully realised that, if Scottish education is not what it used to be, it is mainly because it has been humbugged by too many theorists armed with the powers of bureaucracy. It was the best system in the world when control was local and immediate. It is now in terrible danger of sinking into the mediocrity of mere efficiency that threatens the whole world nowadays.

BY-WAYS OF HISTORY IN WEST SUSSEX

Some Thoughts on Two Near Neighbours, Petworth and Up Park, which are Linked by Some of the most Attractive Roads in Southern England

By JOHN GORE

THE NATIONAL TRUST'S LATEST ACQUISITIONS IN WEST SUSSEX.—That great landowner, the National Trust, which every year increases its acreage and ownership of Great Houses, has had two notable acquisitions recently in West Sussex. I make no doubt, if hours and dates agree, the two great houses of Petworth and Up Park will be a double-barrel for thousands of visitors from home and overseas this year. For they are near neighbours, as great houses go, and as motor-cars run. But there is much more work to do at Up Park to prepare it for visitors, and it may not be ready for them in 1954. It is not my purpose to crib the guide-books or catalogues which describe the origins, histories and treasures of these two houses, but rather to stimulate curiosity by rambling into the by-ways which branch off the main road of guide-book information.

Petworth's severe façade and great walls have dominated the maze-like little town for centuries, and even when its high, ugly church was crowned by a spire, which at the moment it is not. And for centuries the contents of the vast house were little known to the public, and even in modern times had been rather a closed book to the connoisseur. That has changed recently. Since the death of the 3rd Lord Leconfield, a family arrangement has vested the property and the priceless contents of the great house in Mr. John Wyndham, a nephew, while the house itself and its park have been handed over with a fine endowment to the Trust. And already a sample of the treasures it contains has been on show in London, and thousands of people have visited the house.

The house is magnificent rather than intimate or picturesque, a Versailles rather than a Trianon. There is a splendour and classic beauty about the West façade, to the windows of which the bare deer-park reaches, but the East side is an amalgam without dignity or charm. Probably no great house of comparable importance has so "back-yard" an approach, so unworthy a front entrance. The park is not to compare in charm or beauty with Cowdray, Arundel or Up Park, but in summer and autumn the borders of the lake are attractive enough.

Home of Great Families.—Three great families are associated in the history of Petworth; Percy, Seymour and Wyndham; or Northumberland, Somerset, Egremont and Leconfield. The Percys got Petworth as a Crown gift in the twelfth century, and continued there till the seventeenth, when the male line failed and the vast estates of the Percys became vested in the much-married Elizabeth Percy, who married thirdly the "Proud" Duke of Somerset, 6th of his line. It was her house and it was her money which the Duke used to build the Petworth we see. Then the Somerset line failed of direct male issue, and the Petworth estate passed to the Wyndhams, Earls of Egremont, of whom the 3rd Earl was a picturesque figure and perhaps the most human and interesting owner of the house. He was a Mæcenas of the Arts, a great connoisseur of painting and a friend and host of artists and men of letters. Turner spent part of his life at Petworth and left behind him a great legacy of his genius. Egremont was a pioneer in agriculture, and made Petworth a centre of intellectual life and an inspiration to landowners. He was (in more ways than one) the father of his people, albeit he did not go through any marriage ceremony until most of his children were born. The title became extinct after the death of his successor and Petworth had already passed to his eldest son, George Wyndham, who was later created Lord Leconfield.

Thomas Creevey paid a visit to Petworth in the late 1820's, towards the end of Egremont's golden age. He was fascinated by the old man, whom he would meet wandering about his galleries in a hat, throwing off well-informed commentaries on this picture and that, kindly, absent-minded and rather a stranger in his own house, with a confused assortment of "relations" both above and below stairs, among them old "tottered" retainers of an hereditary hierarchy whose ways were fixed by long custom and whose service was a benevolent tyranny, and indeed relationship. Creevey left us a very full catalogue of the pictures as they hung then, and his preferences reveal in an interesting way the changes in artistic taste since his day. Yet it is remarkable how much of what is to be seen to-day in the great rooms is what the Proud Duke commissioned 300 years ago.

The 3rd Earl died in 1837 and was succeeded, as I have said, by his nephew, the 4th and last Earl, who inherited from his uncle only the entailed Somersetshire property and he bitterly resented his exclusion from Petworth and other immensely rich property. So, in revenge, he built himself a huge house at Silverton, in Somerset, and made a big collection of pictures to rival the Petworth collection. But his collection was of very doubtful merit, and on the death of his widow in the 1880's it was put up to auction at Christie's with very moderate success. And all the world of London believed for nine days that the Petworth collection was being dispersed. That was the nearest the famous Petworth collection ever reached to be "open to the public" in all its long history until 1953, though it was conveyed to the Trust in 1947.

The House on the Downs.—Up Park's story is perhaps of more human interest than Petworth's, and to the art-lover and social historian its appeal is as strong as Petworth's. Both houses have been lived in continuously for centuries and little deserve the name of "museum," yet the curiously romantic history of Up Park has made it an invaluable museum of the highest forms of art in furnishing and house decoration achieved by the greatest craftsmen of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Their paints and polishes, fabrics and designs, here retain, unspoilt and undimmed by the renovations of subsequent generations, their authentic signatures, only a little faded by time and sunshine. Even the original curtains which drew up above the great windows of the salon are back again, restored to much of their former splendour by the magic and the industry of the present Lady Fetherstonhaugh.

THE BED IN THE PRINCE REGENT'S ROOM AT UP PARK: This is a corner of a room in the house which stands on the South Downs above the village of South Harting, near Petersfield.

A house of moderate size stood on the present site in the fifteenth century, and at the end of the sixteenth it or a later building was owned by the family of Ford. These Fords grew in stature, for they were an ingenious race, and one of them became Lord Grey of Werke and Earl of Tankerville. It was he who built the present house in the eighteenth century.

A VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING A WRITING DESK: As there is much work to do to prepare the house for visitors, it is doubtful whether it will be opened to the public this year.

The house stands on the South Downs above the charming village of South Harting, near Petersfield, bare to the south, giving views over the park to the Isle of Wight and Chichester Harbour, sheltered by the fine beech woods to the north and west. But for the ingenuity of his grandfather, it is doubtful if Lord Grey would have embarked on so large a house on the high site. But it was Edward Ford, of Cromwell's time, who taught water to run uphill and gave London piped water from the Thames. He had a heavier job for his engines to water Up Park. For indeed the road from village to house is very steep, and that steepness decided Wellington, when the choice of a country estate from a grateful country was being mooted, in refusing the offer of Up Park.

The Fetherstonhaughs Come in—Emma Comes and Goes.—In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Fords sold the property to an immensely rich Northumbrian industrialist, Matthew Fetherstonhaugh, who acquired a baronetcy soon after he became lord of the fair manors of Harting, and he settled down at Up Park, with his charming young wife Sarah, to embellish the interior much as we see it to-day. The new owners left it to their son to build the north portico and to move stables and outbuildings to their present position. Inside they made many important changes in creating the white-and-gold salon on the south side and redecorating many ceilings and hanging new papers on the old walls.

Sir Matthew died in 1774 and Sir Harry, his young heir, spoilt and spendthrift at an early age, came into his inheritance. If Sir Matthew had had the gift of prophecy, he could have surprised himself by prophesying that a century thence, his daughter-in-law would still be reigning at Up Park, and that her own sister would carry on the tradition until 1895. That sister I once "saw plain"—a link with the dim past indeed. Sir Harry became a crony of the Prince, Florizel of pre-Regency days, and gambled and raced and squandered with the best of them. In 1780 he introduced a young and lovely mistress to Up Park, seventeen years old and already a mother and a showgirl in a London "night club." This was Emma Hart, or Cadogan, and she lived to enter history as Nelson's Lady Hamilton. Her reign did not last long. Sir Harry soon turned her out when he and his boon companions tired of her, and shrewd Charles Greville took her over and educated her as a suitable mistress for his Uncle Hamilton, with a view to preventing his uncle, whose heir he hoped to be, from lawful marriage. But Emma married him, and her life is history. And, to do Sir Harry justice, he never forgot her, and paid her debts more than once. By 1813, he had had enough of Vanity Fair, broke with the Regent, and became a country gentleman, living on his acres.

He was then nearly sixty. Twelve years later, he fell in love with his young dairymaid, Mary Ann Bullock, daughter of his parkkeeper, and after a brief wooing under the charming dairy portico, which you may visit, he educated and married her and lived happily with her until his death in 1846 at the age of ninety-two. He left her the entire property, and there she lived with her young sister, whom Sir Harry had also paid to educate, until 1875, when she died, leaving the estate to her sister. And there Frances remained, living the old life, until 1895. Those who have read Wells' *Tono Bungay* were reading some chapters in the life of Up Park. Wells' mother became housekeeper at Up Park in 1880; and his account of life below stairs there in the '80's is all true and very vividly told.

The story of how Miss Frances sought and succeeded at last in finding and founding a noble family to carry on the Fetherstonhaugh inheritance—as planned with her sister—need not be told in detail. The first effort from the Winterton family failed in a generation from lack of male issue. The succession was secured by the choice of a son of Lord Clanwilliam, and the Meade-Fetherstonhaughs are to-day owners with the National Trust of this charming and immensely interesting old house in its enchanting park.

The Scene and the Setting.—What the Admiral and Lady Fetherstonhaugh have achieved in the last decades in research, restoration and rearrangement of this remarkable house, its history and its treasures, would be worth a permanent record in book form which I hope may one day be written. I very much doubt whether, without those labours, Up Park would have appealed in these hard times, as a potential investment for the Trust. To-day it is once more put on the map, and people of taste will find their way to it.

These two great houses in West Sussex do not possess all the advantages which ensure a regular annual revenue to such houses as Chatsworth, Hatfield or Longleat. With the exception of Portsmouth there are no great cities in close proximity. But nowadays cars and buses run swiftly and often along the byways, and twenty miles more or less are no obstacle to a planned journey. And certainly, though even West Sussex is "developing," it has still a few years before it of comparative freedom from urbanisation. The South Downs between Petersfield and Washington are still semi-virgin, and the roads between Up Park and Petworth remain among the most attractive in Southern England. From South Harting through Midhurst and Cowdray Park to Petworth is a drive which in any season is hard to beat for rural charm, ancient peace and historical associations.

THE GLORIES OF PETWORTH

The Great Sussex House, where the Grinling Gibbons Room is Considered to be One of the most Splendid State Apartments in the Country

THE SOUTH END OF PETWORTH HOUSE, SUSSEX, WHICH WAS CONVEYED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST IN 1947 AND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC LAST YEAR : The house, built towards the end of the seventeenth century, occupies the site of a castle of the Percy family around which grew the town of Petworth. The south front was replanned and rebuilt by Salvin between 1869-72. After last year's opening by Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., thousands of people visited the house until its closing for the winter period. It will be open again on the first Tuesday in April, and thereafter on each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and each spring and summer Bank Holiday between 2 and 6 p.m. The admission fee on those occasions will be 2s. 6d., but on the first Wednesday of each month, when the house will be open at the same times, the fee will be 5s.

THE EAST FRONT : This view of the West Sussex house shows the old thirteenth-century chapel, which formed part of the old manor house of the Percys. A new entrance and porch were added to the East front by Salvin in the nineteenth century.

On right—

A CORNER OF THE GRINLING GIBBONS ROOM : This is considered to be one of the finest examples of Grinling Gibbons' work, and is, in Horace Walpole's opinion, "the most superb monument" to him. The carving was executed between 1689 and 1692, when Gibbons was also engaged on the library at Trinity College, Cambridge. The portraits in the room include Henry VIII after Holbein ; Charles I after Van Dyck, and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset by Riley and Closterman. A few pieces of the furniture are of the early eighteenth century period.

DETAIL OF THE CARVING IN THE GRINLING GIBBONS ROOM : This is part of one of the many panels surrounding the portraits. In the guide-book to Petworth House, issued by the National Trust, the work is described as "a triumph of technique, and the delicacy of the carving—*putti*, cornucopia, baskets of flowers, trophies, wreaths, birds, fish and beasts—is beyond praise or rival." The carvings in the cove of the ceiling of the room are by Jonathan Ritson, whose portrait by Clint hangs on the west wall.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

News Pictures from London and the English Countryside

On left—

HURRIED LAST-MINUTE PREPARATIONS ON THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA": The *Britannia* is seen at Portsmouth, where the final preparations are being made before she sets sail on April 15 to meet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk. Towering above her is a huge floating crane. At Portsmouth a strict security guard is being kept over the Royal yacht. Police are stationed at all entrances to the dockyard, and workmen who are employed in making alterations to the ship have been issued with special passes. During an all-night sitting in Parliament recently, a Member asked for a public inquiry on the alleged squandering of money over the *Britannia*. The First Lord of the Admiralty said that these tales were exaggerations.

BUILDING A SCHOOL BY A WINDMILL: A picture showing the site of the John Ruskin Grammar School, which is at present being built at Shirley, in Surrey. The Shirley windmill, one of the few that survive on the outskirts of London, which is seen in this picture, is to be preserved and is to form part of the school—it will probably be used as a groundsman's shed. The windmill, a five-storey tower mill, was built about 1860, but fell into disuse for a long period. Then it came into the hands of a new owner, who carried out extensive repairs and replacements. At the moment it is in a good state of preservation.

ANOTHER FLOOD THREAT ALONG THE THAMES: The river wall at Long Reach, Dartford, Kent, where a high tide damaged the flood defences. When it was discovered that a high tide had caused the wall to slip in places, repair work was immediately carried out, and during the following night a constant watch was kept as the next tide was even higher. The defences, however, remained intact. During the floods last year this wall was breached.

On left—

THE NETHERLANDS AMBASSADOR VISITS THE FOREIGN OFFICE: Dr. D. Stikker is seen with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden. On the left of this picture is Mr. A. Nutting, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State. The occasion of Dr. Stikker's visit was to deposit the instrument of the ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty at the Foreign Office. Holland was the first to ratify the Treaty.

CANNON SUNDIAL : Mr. Edwin Barker, of Clapton, follows the unusual trade of making sundials, now mainly for the American market. The example above is a cannon sundial which fires at noon, the miniature cannon being ignited by a burning glass. The cannon is loaded by charging the bore with ordinary gunpowder and packing it tight with a ramrod : a train is set by sprinkling a small quantity of powder into the groove at the touchhole. The burning glass is then set on its arc to the nearest day of the month ; all that is required to make it fire then is sunshine. Mr. Barker's firm, founded in 1848, used to make about 100 sundials a year, but now, owing to the 50 per cent. purchase tax, demand has slackened off and the firm now concentrates on making surveying instruments.

THE KING GEORGE V DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON GETS AN OVERHAUL : The caisson, or gate, of the King George V dry dock—one of the biggest in the world—is seen being manœuvred out of the dock entrance. It is being removed for its first overhaul since it was installed twenty-one years ago, which means that the dock, the only one in Britain big enough to accommodate the Queen liners, will be out of action for just over two-and-a-half months.

D OF A BEAGLING SEASON : The Denbigh Beagles, of Bexhill, Sussex, are seen going out for one of the last meets of the season which has just ended. Leaving Upper Barnhorn Farm, Bexhill, for a day's sport on Pevensey Marshes are the Master, Mr. A. G. Burstall (left), and the Huntsman, Mr. G. D. Smith, who is also a Joint-Master. The pack is a comparatively new one, being formed in 1947.

LAUNCHED AT ARDROSSAN : The *Lairdsglen*, a new cargo motor-ship for the Glasgow-Irish trade, seen after her launching at Ardrossan dockyard. The vessel is owned by the Burns and Laird Lines and it will be powered by twin-screw Diesel engines of the Sulzer type.

LLION SAVAGES ITS OWNER : A split-second picture of Mr. Joseph Stanfield, aged seventy-two, being seized by his horse, Laird of Moray, as he was leading it into the show ring at Derby racecourse for the Hunter Improvement Society's Spring Show. The horse swung Mr. Stanfield round in circles by his arm before being brought under control by an official.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S CARRIAGE FOR THE WHITE CITY TATTOO : To mark the centenary of Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea, her carriage, one of St. Thomas's Hospital's most treasured relics of her, will be seen in one of the tableaux at the White City Searchlight Tattoo. The carriage is of Russian manufacture and is the one in which she rode about in the Crimea. It was at St. Thomas's Hospital that Florence Nightingale founded her nurses' home.

THIS WAY TO THE TOMB

At Sakkara the 4,700-year-old Passage Leading to the Burial Chamber of an Egyptian Pharaoh of the Third Dynasty is Penetrated

AN HISTORIC OCCASION AT THE THIRD DYNASTY PYRAMID : The Egyptian Minister of Education, Dr. Abbas Ammar, striking for the first time at the sandstone wall which guarded the passage to a Pharaoh's tomb at Sakkara. *On left*—The Minister is seen being gripped from behind so that he could be dragged away in case of a sudden collapse of the 4,700-year-old wall. *On right*—He is striking away with a pickaxe. Under the supervision of Dr. Zakaria Goneim, the passage to the tomb was penetrated, but the way to the ancient burial chamber was barred by a mass of rubble.

THE DOOR-BLOCK IS OPENED : Workmen removing stones from the entrance to the passage. The door-block is about 6 ft. wide and 8 ft. high. Tools, bulls' horns and skulls were found around the entrance.

On left—

THE ENTRANCE AFTER THE PASSAGE TO THE TOMB HAD BEEN PENETRATED: The door-block was built in two parts. One was closed long before the king who was buried in the pyramid died. The mummy of the king was introduced through the other part afterwards.

On right—

WHERE THE PASSAGE TO THE TOMB WAS BLOCKED : Dr. Abbas Ammar standing at the point where rubble filled the narrow passage from the floor to the roof. On right, in the wall, can be seen an opening which, it is believed, was made by ancient tomb robbers and then patched up.

An important step towards revealing the tombs of the more ancient of the Egyptian kings was taken recently when the inner corridor leading to a Third Dynasty tomb was penetrated. Dr. Zakaria Goneim, Chief Inspector of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities and director of the excavations at Sakkara, had discovered, some three years ago, an incomplete stepped pyramid dating from about 2780 B.C. During the past few months Dr. Goneim had excavated the outer approaches to the tomb, a passageway of masonry and rock. About 30 ft. down, a barrier of sandstone brick, 8 ft. thick, was encountered and identified as the entrance to the passage leading to the royal burial chamber.

With all the ceremony due to the occasion, Dr. Abbas Ammar, the Egyptian Minister of Education, struck the first blows at the wall with a pickaxe. An opening 6 ft. wide and 8 ft. high was soon made, and officials, archæologists and Press representatives scrambled through the gap. They found themselves in a sloping passage 3 to 6 ft. wide and 9 to 12 ft. high. The air was hot and stuffy. The passage itself was empty, except for a few fragments of broken pottery and wood. Some 60 ft. along the passage the party encountered a solid mass of rubble piled to the roof, and it became obvious that further progress was impossible. It would take months, perhaps, to clear it away.

It is thought that the burial chamber may be only 200 ft. beyond this rubble. But it is not clear whether the obstruction in the passage is due to the collapse of the roof or whether it has been left by ancient tomb robbers searching for the treasures of the dead Pharaoh. Certainly there is evidence that robbers had penetrated to the passageway, and for that reason archæologists are cautious in estimating their expectations from the royal tomb. There is a strong possibility that, like many pyramids before, this one has been pillaged, perhaps thousands of years ago.

Many questions remain unanswered while the entrance to the burial chamber is still blocked. However, Dr. Goneim believes that the tomb may be that of King Sanakt, of the Third Dynasty, who lived about 2780 B.C. This Pharaoh succeeded King Zoser, whose complete stepped pyramid near by was thought, until the end of last year, to be the oldest dressed-stone building. But last December Dr. Goneim discovered, also at Sakkara, a pyramid believed to date back to the Second Dynasty, more than 6,000 years ago.

Although work on the present pyramid will therefore not shed light on the most ancient dynasty hitherto discovered, there can be no doubt that, should the Pharaoh's burial chamber be reached, entirely new information will become available to archæologists and Egyptologists. Even if it has been plundered, the tomb may yield vases and other objects which can shed light on a period of Egyptian history still obscure.

The pyramid itself, so mysteriously incomplete, may give archæologists new information about Third Dynasty architecture. So far three corners of the pyramid have been unearthed, rising about 20 to 30 ft. from the base. Each side of the base measures some 130 yards, and this suggests that, had it been completed, it would have become one of the largest pyramids every built. Precisely why it was not finished may never be known. But the tomb itself may provide an answer to this mystery in the sands of Sakkara.

FAROUK'S TREASURES GO UNDER THE GAVEL

But a Lady from Edinburgh Steals the Show in Cairo's Koubbeh Palace

The star attraction at the sales in Cairo of Prince Farouk's treasures has not so far been any particular *objet d'art*, but one of the dealers; seventy-two-year-old Mrs. Esta Henry, who runs an antique shop in Edinburgh's Royal Mile, has brought a vivid personality into the rather fusty proceedings in the Koubbeh Palace. First, she protested to Mr. George Lee, who has worked in Cairo for the last thirty-five years and is conducting the sale on behalf of Sotheby's, against his announcing the items in French and Arabic only. She demanded that he speak English as well. Smilingly, Mr. Lee yielded.

Mrs. Henry, who claims to have been in the antique business since she was nine, then announced to Major Gafaar, the Egyptian officer who is supervising the sale, that she wanted some tea. So the sale stopped for tea. Then she refused to obey the no-smoking rule and, what is more, jokingly asked the organisers to lend her one of Farouk's diamond-studded gold ashtrays.

But her major blow was struck when she led a revolt against the Egyptian organisers subdividing the lots listed in the catalogue; there had been public criticism in Egypt that the treasures were being sold too cheaply, and the Egyptians thought that this was a possible way of raising more money. But not with Mrs. Henry around; exclaiming loudly to a companion, "They're a lot of twisters, darling," she stumped out of the sale-room followed by her indignant fellow-dealers. Mr. Lee and Major Gafaar in turn followed, pleading with her to come back. She came back—on her terms—threw her arms round the auctioneer, kissed one of his assistants, and got down to buying. Whenever a lot went to Mrs. Henry, the auctioneer cried out: "Knocked down to Scotland."

The sale, attended by ninety dealers from all parts of the world, has been held by the Egyptians to restore to the people money which, they say, the King diverted to his private pleasures. Farouk, in turn, has threatened to sue buyers of his confiscated goods for their return.

THE SALE OF PRINCE FAROUK'S TREASURES IN CAIRO: Dealers from all over the world are gathered in the principal reception room of the Koubbeh Palace in Cairo as more of Prince Farouk's fabulous treasures come under the auctioneer's gavel. The object of the Egyptian Government, who have ordered the sale, is to return to Egypt money that the King diverted to his private pleasures.

THE LADY FROM EDINBURGH: Mrs. Esta Henry, who runs an antique shop in Edinburgh's Royal Mile, is the personality of the sale. She is seen as a slip is being prepared to confirm her latest purchase.

THE BUYERS TAKE A GOOD LOOK: Despite the fact that Prince Farouk has threatened lawsuits against the buyers of his confiscated collections, business has been brisk and prices high. The sale of his stamps realised £135,000, while his coin collections fetched £214,700.

A BID FROM NEW YORK: Dealer Alex Schaffer bought several items on the first day's sale. The sale is being conducted by Mr. George Lee, who has worked in Cairo for thirty-five years and is acting for Sotheby's.

MRS. HENRY OBJECTS: The seventy-two-year-old Scotswoman is an old hand at auction sales. At this sale she is known simply as "Scotland." She insisted, and was popularly supported, that English be used in the announcements as well as French and Arabic.

TWO ARTISTS WIN DISTINCTION

Mr. Augustus John is Given a One-man Exhibition at the Royal Academy; Mr. John Hutton's Designs for Coventry Cathedral's West Front are Approved

AUGUSTUS JOHN AT HOME: This is a new portrait of Augustus John, O.M., R.A., taken at the door of his home at Fryern Court, Fordingbridge, Hampshire. Last week a retrospective exhibition of his work opened at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy in London. There are a fine display of his drawings, which fills the best part of two rooms, a group of thirty-six of the small panels he painted between 1910 and 1914, and a variety of examples of his work as a portrait painter. There are also on view seven pieces of sculpture, an art which John has only taken up during the past year. John created a slight stir at the exhibition by announcing that one of the works, a small landscape, was not his.

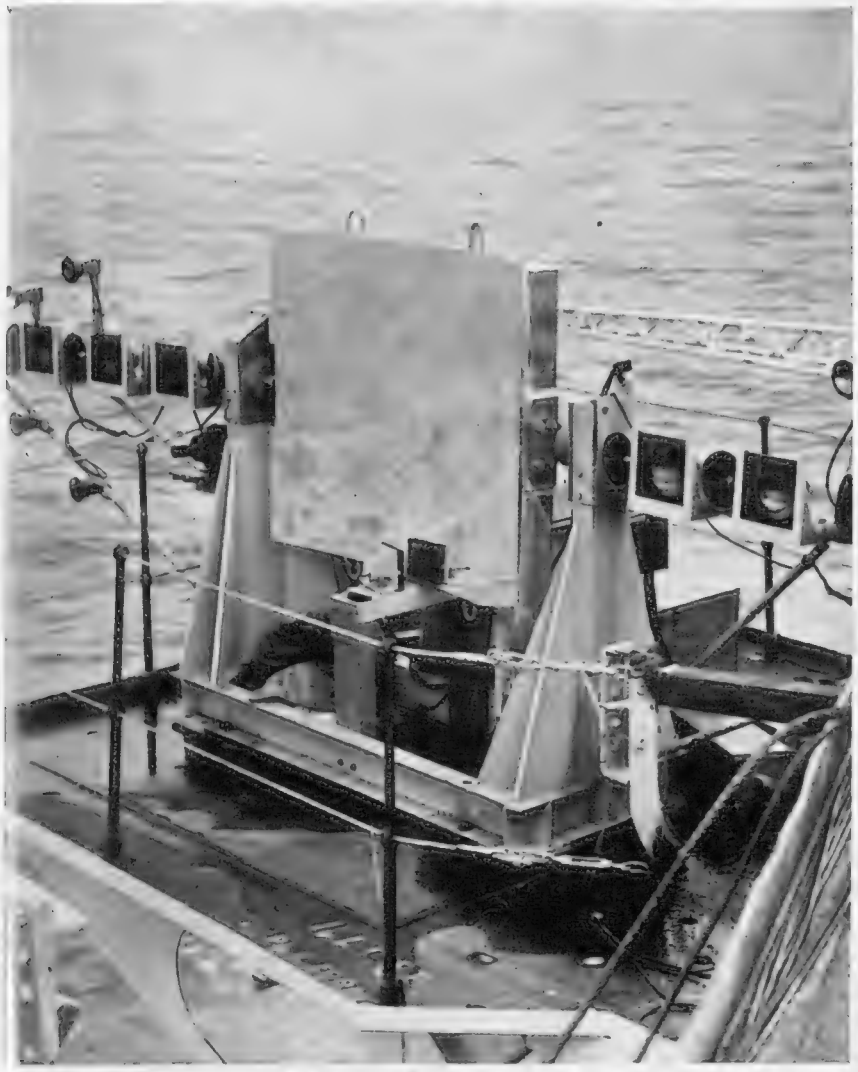
AN ARTIST AT WORK: Mr. John Hutton is seen working in his St. John's Wood studio on designs for the glass screen which will form the west front of the new Coventry Cathedral. His designs were approved by the Cathedral Council last week. The glass screen, which will be 70 ft. high and 45 ft. long, will have sixty-five engraved plates representing saints and angels. The design which Mr. Hutton is working on above is of St John the Evangelist, shown with the book and eagle. To the left of the 8-ft. drawing is the scale drawing of the whole window; on it each of the angels is playing a musical instrument. Mr. Hutton, who was born in New Zealand, is forty-six and has been in this country for twenty years. He did a lot of work for the Festival of Britain. The new cathedral, which, some believe, will be architecturally the most exciting building to be erected in England since the war, will abut the ruins of the old one. Two circular chapels will also be attached to it.

AN ODD NESTING-PLACE

A Pair of Blue Tits have Made their Home in an Ostrich Egg Set up in a Harrow Garden

A "NEST-EGG" IN HARROW: *Above* and *on right*—One of a pair of blue tits is seen about to enter the strange home which has been made available to him in the garden of a house in Harrow, Middlesex. It is the shell of an infertile ostrich egg which was given to a visitor to Whipsnade Zoo. It has been fixed to a garden post with a piece of stout wire and, since the shell, which is one-sixteenth of an inch thick, is as hard as porcelain, it was quickly adopted by the blue tits as a nesting-place. Half a coconut near by serves as a front porch and larder combined.

LANDING "ON THE BEAM" FOR NAVAL PILOTS



LANDING AID FOR CARRIER-BORNE AIRCRAFT : This is the device which will dispense with the well-known Fleet Air Arm figure, the batsman, and it will enable the fastest jet aircraft to touch down on the deck of an aircraft-carrier without risk.

The device seen in the picture above is composed of a curved mirror, on either side of which is a row of coloured lights. In front the mirror, from the pilot's view, is a row white lights, which are reflected in a single oint of light in the mirror. By watching is point of light and keeping it level with e coloured lights either side of the mirror, the lot knows that his angle of approach on the rtical line is correct. Because he has to ep his eyes constantly on the mirror, the lot cannot look at his air-speed indicator, and ensure that his aircraft does not lose flying eed or does not land too fast, an instrument the aircraft flashes coloured light across the indscreen, and by the colour, the pilot knows at he is either flying too quickly, too slowly at the right speed. A gyroscope fitted to the mirror on the deck enables it to be properly aligned at all times, even when the aircraft-carrier is pitching heavily.

The inventor of this device is Engineer-Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, himself a pilot, who was secretary to the chief naval representative at the Ministry of Supply before taking a position on the naval staff of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington.

Exhaustive trials with the new device have been carried out aboard the carriers H.M.S. *Industrious* and *Indomitable*, and have proved most successful. Even pilots who have never before landed on an ocean aircraft-carrier were able to make night landings at sea. The U.S. Navy have shown interest in the device ; they have already accepted another British improvement for naval flying, the angled deck.

INVESTIGATION OF THE INVESTIGATORS

THE SENATOR AND HIS PROTÉGÉ : In Washington Senator Joseph McCarthy looks busy and Mr. Roy Cohn looks on shortly after fresh attacks had been launched on the Senator and his aides. It was revealed by the United States Army that Mr. Cohn, who is Chief Counsel to the Senator's Sub-Committee on Investigations, had threatened the Department of the Army unless Private David Schine, a former committee aide, received preferential treatment during his stay in the Army. Secretary of the Army Mr. Stevens further accused Senator McCarthy, as well as Mr. Cohn, of trying to use their positions to obtain a commission for Private Schine. These allegations were described by the Senator as absolutely untrue, and he in turn accused the Army of trying to blackmail him and his sub-committee into calling off investigations into the Army. An independent inquiry will now be held into the charges and counter-charges concerning the Senator and Mr. Cohn.

PERSIA'S EX-FOREIGN MINISTER ARRESTED

A BEARD AND A DRESSING GOWN FOR THE FORMER MINISTER : Dr. Hussein Fatemi after his arrest near Teheran stands meekly to display his 6-in. growth of beard. Shortly after this picture was taken Dr. Fatemi was attacked by a mob when being transferred to prison, and was stabbed several times. The former Foreign Minister had let it be known at the time of the fall of Dr. Mossadek that he had been "torn to pieces" by the mob. In fact, however, he had gone into hiding about nine miles from Teheran. Some weeks ago police learned of this, and it is said that they employed an old woman posing as a domestic worker to find his hiding-place. Documents have been discovered linking Dr. Mossadek's Government with the Communist Tudeh Party and the Russian Embassy in Teheran.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE PENLEE LIFEBOAT

THE NEW BOAT HITS THE WATER : The new lifeboat after it had been launched by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder from the Penlee Lifeboat Station, near Penzance. The ceremony took place on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the first Penlee lifeboat. The new boat, which cost £32,500, is manned by men from Newlyn and Mousehole. Her coxswain, Mr. Maddern, joined the crew in 1917.

AN OLD SCOTTISH SCHOOL DESTROYED BY FIRE

THE GUTTED RUINS OF ROTHESAY ACADEMY ON THE ISLAND OF BUTE IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE : The ruins of the old school after a fierce blaze had left the greater part of the building in ruins. The 85-ft. clock tower of Rothesay Academy, a prominent landmark in the town, collapsed. The new extension to the school, built after the last war, a few hundred yards from the old buildings, was not affected by the fire, and school continued normally in classrooms there.

The Sphere of Travel

WONDERS OF THE ANDALUSIAN CITIES

Suggestions for Holiday-making in the Heart of Moorish Spain

By GORDON COOPER

THE Moors made all of Andalusia the centre of a wonderful civilisation. In this they were aided, of course, by the enormous natural wealth of the soil and by a matchless lavishness of sky, sun and moon. These latter elements contribute in no small degree to the far-famed brightness of the Andalusian character of to-day. So, the traveller who seeks the Spain of his dreams—of guitars and gypsies, matadors and mantillas, date-palms and orange-blossom—will find in this southern region of the country just what his heart desires, not least being an almost certain guarantee of sunshine and warmth. In fact, during the summer months the heat can be terrific, and this should be borne in mind when planning a holiday there, although I should also add that after sunset a coolness usually sets in. The ideal times, indeed, to do sight-seeing in Andalusia are in the spring and the autumn.

Where to go? If time is fairly limited, then Seville and Granada are of first importance, while I also am of the opinion that Córdoba should not be missed. It was a true instinct for beauty, and not merely senseless vanity, that prompted the saying: "*Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla*" (He that has not seen Seville has seen no marvel), or that provoked the *riposte* of the Granadino: "*Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada*" (He that has not seen Granada has seen nothing). There is, indeed, no need for me to tell of the wonders which are to be found in both these Andalusian cities, although your own appreciation of their glories and atmosphere can be greatly enhanced by not rushing your visit. It is only when you give time to doing nothing in particular, such as meandering along intriguing and tortuous streets and loafing by the hour in some Moorish garden, that you will find your fondest dreams of Spain are crowned with the joy of realisation.

To reach Seville or Granada from Madrid is best done, especially during the summer months, by air. Iberia Spanish Airlines maintain daily services which take about an hour-and-a-half for the journey. There is also a daily service between Seville and Granada. In fact, if you take air travel from London, then you can be in either city the same day. It is important, of course, to book in advance, for now that air fares approximate to those charged by train the demand is rapidly increasing. Your travel agent can make the necessary reservations. Incidentally, Iberia Spanish Airlines operate daily services to several other centres in Spain, which I find lessens considerably the fatigue of hot-weather train travel. But should you go by train, then my advice is to travel by night express from Madrid, bringing you to Seville, Granada or Córdoba around breakfast-time.

The outstanding occasions on which to be in Seville are during Holy Week and for the annual Fair, which follows shortly after. I can only describe both events as being amazing experiences, although to a certain extent they have now been commercialised. For either of these celebrations you must book hotel accommodation months in advance, while the hotel-keepers are permitted to charge double their usual rates. In addition, they insist that you stay a full eight days, or at least pay for them even though you may be only there a couple of nights, and the rates are fixed to include full pension. Altogether, at these times there is no use thinking of the cheapness of Spain. Personally, I think that Holy Week in some other Spanish city, such as Granada, Málaga or Córdoba, is to be preferred, but for the Fair there is no alternative.

The choice of a suitable hotel contributes considerably to the enjoyment of a stay. In Seville my first choice is the Madrid, an old Andalusian mansion, with many *patios* shaded by palm-trees and perfumed with roses. It is decorated in exquisite taste and has the authentic atmosphere. It also has a good cuisine. Then, in Granada, there is the Parador de San Francisco, which is run by the Spanish State Tourist Department. It is housed in a sixteenth-century building, a former convent, and has a magnificent garden, while from it you get admirable views of the Generalife and Albaicin. It also has the great advantage of standing in the grounds of the Alhambra. Accommodation is limited, however, so you must make room reservations well in advance. Its prices are moderate.

Now I take you to Córdoba, regarding which the insufferable Borrow wrote in his *Bible in Spain*: "Little can be said with respect to the town of Córdoba, which is a mean, dark, gloomy place, full of narrow streets and alleys, without squares or public buildings worthy of attention save and except its far-famed cathedral." Borrow's views on places in Spain and Portugal are seldom mine, so all I need say is that I find this most Moorish of all the Andalusian towns a real gem. Perhaps to love it, however, is an acquired taste. I only know that, to me, it is an alluring spot in which to linger, if only to keep on discovering in the narrow streets of its old town the little flowery *patios* behind the iron gates of even the smallest houses. And then there is, of course, its famous cathedral, the Christian adaptation of the great mosque which the Moors built in the eighth century to serve those of their faith as a western centre of devotion. Its vast interior, with its forest of columns, should be seen either early in the morning or just before dusk, for at both these times the impression you get is of something immortal, something which is just sheer beauty and delight.

Elsewhere in Andalusia, Cádiz, Jerez, Ronda, Málaga and Jaén merit mention. Cádiz is rather a difficult city to describe. As you approach it by the long, narrow strip of land at whose end it lies, it seems to be the whitest city in the world. But when you do arrive, there can be disappointment, for this town has so often been battered to bits by war that there is little left which is old. Yet, there are frequently unexpected glimpses of the sea which reward one for walking along its narrow streets. Above all, the greatest charm of Cádiz is supplied by the imagination as one remembers the history of this remarkable city-fortress. There is an exceedingly pleasant hotel, the Atlántico (run by the Spanish State Tourist Department), which is very popular with the residents of Gibraltar, for it is reasonably cool there during the summer, although the bathing facilities are rather inconvenient, the nearest good sands being three miles away.

As I mentioned previously in these pages, there lies across the bay and easily reached by ferry-boat the little town of Puerto de Santa Maria, where you can lodge comfortably and cheaply at the Hotel Loretto. There is an excellent sand beach and very few visitors. I learned of this spot first from reading *Introducing Spain*, by Cedric Salter—a most helpful book.

A QUIET AND SHADY CORNER IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ALCAZAR IN SEVILLE: This palace, the home of both the Moorish and Spanish kings, was built in the fourteenth century on the site of a Moorish citadel of the late twelfth century; it was restored in 1624 and 1857. The gardens of the Alcazar in Seville are a particular attraction.

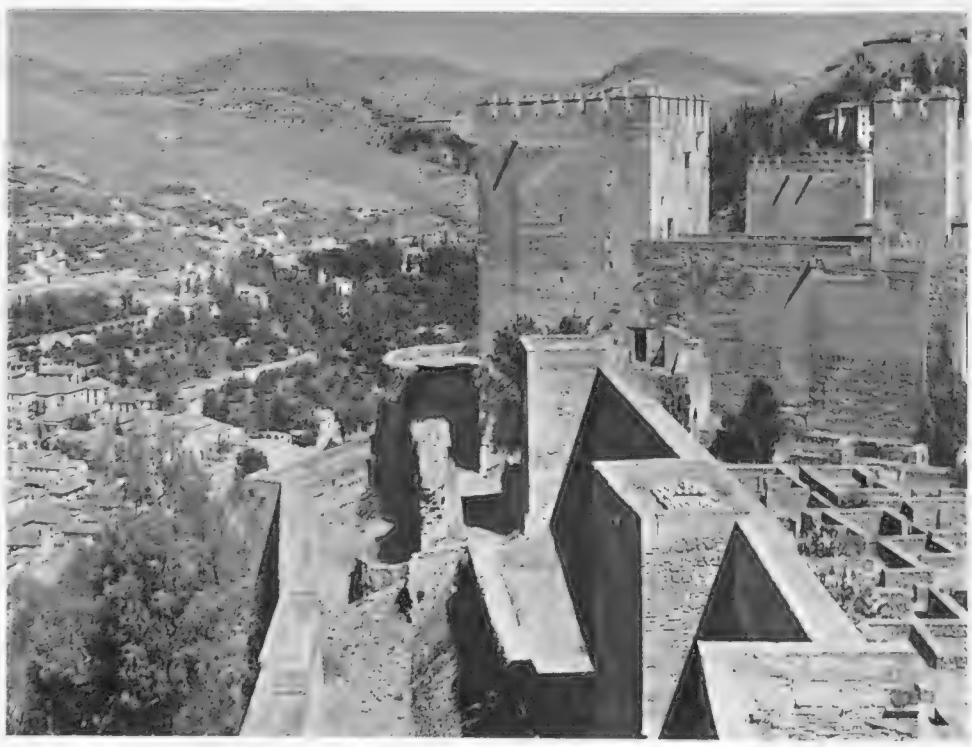
Jerez is quite un-Andalusian in many respects. It has a solid, prosperous appearance and many of its inhabitants look like Britons rather than Spaniards, due, I imagine, to our infiltration into the sherry trade. It is a pleasant spot at which to make a short visit, while you can drink excellent sherry there for about 3d. a large glass, with a variety of appetizing titbits (*tapas*) thrown in. Should you visit one of the celebrated *bodegas*, I advise you, however, in order to avoid any dizzy feelings, to eat a biscuit between drinks, which are served in glasses of increasing potency.

From Jerez you can take the local bus to Ronda—there is also a bus service from Seville and a rail connection to the east passing on the road the typically Moorish little town of Arcos de la Frontera. It can only offer limited accommodation, but it will appeal to those who like to get off the beaten track. Ronda itself is most picturesquely situated in a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains. Standing at a height of 2,500 ft., it is cool in summer, and its Hotel Victoria is popular with British visitors from Gibraltar. This town has an amazing gorge which splits it into two parts. A single-span bridge links the two. A different kind of attraction are the large riding-donkeys which can be hired and which enable you to make some fine excursions.

Málaga is chiefly known as a resort for those in search of winter sunshine. I would not recommend it during the summer months for a stay. Westwards, however, along the coast are better spots, such as Torremolinos and Marbella, the former with a golf-course and a strong British atmosphere. I prefer Marbella (Hotel El Rodeo), and near-by Calahonda (Hotel Alhamar). At all three places the bathing conditions are first-class.

Should you be travelling by car from Madrid or Córdoba to Granada, then it is well worth taking the route which passes through the interesting but seldom visited city of Jaén, where there is not only a Renaissance cathedral which may be compared with that of Granada, but also much character in the streets, buildings and *patios*. Unlike most Andalusian cities, Jaén has perhaps more dignity than charm. Its citizens, like their surroundings, are also somewhat austere in manner. But as you follow the steep road to Granada through fantastic wild gorges you feel that a sense of preliminary grimness is a suitable introduction to the calm, sultry languor of the Granada region.

For those who would like to visit Andalusia in a package tour, there is the weekly A.T.E.S.A. circuit, which embraces Seville, Córdoba, Granada, Málaga and Cádiz and takes six days. The cost, inclusive of all meals and accommodation at first-class hotels, is £29, but you can also book just for transportation, and for each section. Inquire from your travel agent.



THE VIEW FROM THE 85-FT. HIGH TORRE DE LA VELA IN THE ALCAZABA, PART OF THE ALHAMBRA IN GRANADA: To the right of the picture are the walls and towers of the Alhambra; on the left are the suburbs of Granada, and the surrounding hills.

Inquiries concerning TRAVEL matters should be addressed to:

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A STORY OF MAGNIFICENT COURAGE

Paul Brickhill Tells the Story of Douglas Bader, the Heroic War-time Pilot, who has become a "Real Legend" in his Lifetime

IN the air Douglas Bader won many victories during the war, commanded five fighter squadrons in the Battle of Britain, and holds the D.S.O. and Bar, the D.F.C. and Bar, the Croix de Guerre, and the Legion d'Honneur, but his greatest victory has been one that has endured through war and peace, since the day in 1931 when he crashed and lost both legs. Neither the shock, the pain, nor the implications of this crippling amputation was able to defeat him, and on artificial legs he has become a real legend in his lifetime. Once when his wife attempted to curb his eagerness for air fights in 1940, he replied: "Don't be damn silly, darling. I've got armour plate behind me, tin legs underneath and an engine in front. How the hell can they get me?" And by the end of the war they hadn't, though he had been shot down, made prisoner, escaped down a rope of knotted sheets, recaptured, attempted another escape and ended up in Colditz Castle, from which he and his companions were finally liberated by the Americans. Typically, he then cut through—or ignored—all red tape, found a friendly pilot to fly him to France, and within a matter of hours was shouting for a Spitfire "to have a last fling before it packs up."

REACH FOR THE SKY (Collins. 16s.) is his biography by Mr. Paul Brickhill, who could be called the ideal writer, on his own record, for a work like this; the story of constant and magnificent courage.

M. Serge Vaculik was the son of an immigrant Czech worker, and first went to France at the age of five, adopting that country as his own when he grew up, and fighting for it up to Dunkirk, when he was captured by the Germans but escaped to Spain, and, after several rigorous terms of prison there and in Portugal, arrived in England to join de Gaulle's forces. He was trained as a parachutist saboteur, was dropped into France, captured again and miraculously escaped an S.S. firing squad, after which he joined the Maquis. AIR COMMANDO (Jarrolds. 15s.) is his own story, and has been translated from the French by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald. Among the excitements and interests of this book, in which M. Vaculik writes of some of his British and French comrades and of the girl he married in Scotland, is his account of giving evidence in the trial of the Gestapo men who had murdered his fellow-prisoners, and who were in turn sentenced to death.

The war again, and one of its most hideous aspects, is the theme of THE FARAMUS STORY (Wingate. 8s. 6d.), as presented by Mr. Frank Owen, from the experiences of Mr. Anthony Faramus. Born in Jersey and still very young when the Germans occupied the island in 1940, Mr. Faramus had a brief and colourful career there as a barber with black market connections, before being arrested by the Germans in 1941 and transported with hundreds of others on an entirely hellish railway journey to Buchenwald. The tortures, filth and utter bestiality of that place are described in these pages in undramatic words that make the deliberate degradation of the Germans' plan even more horrible. The wonder is that Faramus survived at all, even though it was at the cost of tuberculosis, the loss of seven ribs and, at one time or another, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and dysentery. A book that will shock and disgust but that is, unhappily, true.

COLONEL HENRI'S STORY (William Kimber. 15s.) are the war memoirs of Hugo Bleicher, who represents himself to be one of the most powerful and ruthless of Germany's counter-intelligence agents operating in France during the last war.

Mr. Ian Colvin, who edits the book, says that: "He may well have done more harm to the allied cause on the intelligence front than any other one man," and we must admit that Mr. Colvin's notes and skilful editing do much to substantiate that impression. Apparently this Bleicher was instrumental in the tracking down and betrayal of Odette and Captain Peter Churchill. If this were all part of an exciting battle between brave men and women it might be bearable, but Bleicher's unctuous and oleaginous attitude is almost intolerable. He hands his victims over to the nefarious Gestapo and wishes us to believe that he had no idea what their possible fate might be. Almost as hard to take is the mawkish German sentimentality in which he describes his amorous liaison with a French woman called Suzanne. "Suzanne was there, beautiful, bright and quiet. A French woman who loved the invader more than she loved her own country!" Well, really!

INSIDE (Peter Davies. 15s.) is the story of three months spent in a women's prison in West Virginia, by Miss Helen Bryan, whose offence was contempt of Congress in refusing to divulge the list of those who

RETHATCHING ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE: Peter Slevin, who holds a Rural Craftsman's Certificate, seen at work on the roof of the celebrated cottage at Shottery, near Stratford-on-Avon. Wheat-straw is being used for the thatching. The cottage was last rethatched about twenty-five years ago.

had contributed to a fund for which she was responsible. During the period of her imprisonment Miss Bryan, who seems to be a cultivated and intelligent woman, if slightly naïve, came into contact with prostitutes, thieves, drug-addicts and others, listened to their stories with evident horror but unflagging interest, and has written about them here in a humane and unsensational way.

Freedom and travel are the welcome subjects of Mr. Wilson MacArthur's book, THE DESERT WATCHES (Hart-Davis. 18s.), in which he writes of his journey with his wife to their home in Southern Rhodesia by way of the Sahara Desert. The 2,000 miles of the Sahara have been crossed by cars before, of course, and the record remains with a couple of English drivers who accomplished it in three days in 1938, but the author's plan was for a different kind of record—the longest, rather than the shortest time. This he probably achieved, with the help of a car which broke down in all the expected and many of the unexpected ways. His chronicle of adventure makes excellent reading.

For contrast, there is the equally intrepid enterprise of Miss Sally Carrighar, who for three years, on the north-west coast of Alaska, observed and recorded the natural phenomena in the brief and tenuous period that is spring and summer in that region. ICEBOUND SUMMER (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is different from most books about the Arctic, because it deals not with flat, white desolation, but with the active life of the place, the almost incredible annual flight of the Arctic tern from the Antarctic 10,000 miles away, the mysterious passage of the golden plover to Hawaii, the return of millions of birds and animals, and the short but amazingly lovely flowering season that a partial thaw allows.

Back to Africa with the account of a scientific expedition led by William and Irene Morden, under the ægis of the American Museum of Natural History. Colonel and Mrs. Morden have written of their travels and discoveries in an easy, unaffected style which may tend to minimise the hardships of the journey, but which makes very agreeable reading for the arm-chair traveller. OUR AFRICAN ADVENTURE (Seeley Service. 18s.) is illustrated to a degree often known as profuse, and I especially liked the photograph of Mrs. Morden, who had recently become a grandmother, with her first lion kill.

In FRIENDS APART (MacGibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.), Mr. Philip Toynbee has written what he describes as "A Memoir of the Thirties." It is really a memoir of two of his friends, Esmond Romilly and Jasper Ridley, both of whom were killed in the war, and these reminiscences form the background to what is, in fact, a portion of Mr. Toynbee's autobiography.

Mr. Toynbee writes well and with affection for his ill-assorted friends (they never met), and it is not the author's fault if the general impression left upon the reader is squalid and repulsive, because it is obvious that that is not what he has set out to do. That he spent most of his time at Oxford organising Communist cells and converting by well-known unscrupulous methods his fellow-undergraduates to that dismal creed, is neither here nor there. Less edifying are vivid descriptions of such episodes as a drunken fight with one of his friends in a London slum, in which they got to biting one another.

How pleasant, and, indeed, how satisfying it is to look forward to a new novel by an admired author and to find on reading it that one's hopes have been justified and that the whole piece of work is a delight of observation, style and wit. So it has been, for me at least, with Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's book, AN IMPOSSIBLE MARRIAGE (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.), which is ostensibly the simple narrative of a young girl's first love and its uneasy, unhappy consequences, and is, in fact, a peculiarly subtle study of the heart and independent mind of an intelligent human being. Even the deliberately banal setting of Battersea and Tooting Bec Common is transmuted by this author's own kind of magic, and she is a born storyteller, too.

THE ALBATROSS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is in effect as well as in fact the work of a young writer, and I thought that its air of solemnity was directly due to this, for if the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, they are not necessarily gay. Mr. David Langstone Bolt writes about a man who, on demobilisation, plans to devote himself to writing, convinced that his work will be both significant and important, and indifferent to the claims of love and devotion, whether represented by a wife or a father. Although this central character is a little too much of a prig and not enough of Baudelaire's *prince des nuées*, Mr. Bolt's novel is effective and his seriousness of purpose something to respect.

WAYWARD WILLIE

The Tale of a Bank Robber who Got 106 Years

Mr. William Sutton, now aged fifty-one, has spent twenty of the last thirty-two years of his life in prison, and unless he makes another successful gaol-break—and that is always a strong possibility—he will spend the rest of his life behind bars. He has robbed the banks of America of about 2,000,000 dollars during his career; but according to Quentin Reynolds, who has helped him to write his biography, Mr. Sutton is now beginning to feel that he has wasted his time and would like to keep the youngsters of America from following the path he has taken. With so much of this drab, although very proper, moralising, the resultant book, I, WILLIE SUTTON (Cassell. 15s.), starts at a distinct disadvantage, but, even so, it is an enthralling story, for in these pages, which later gather pace, Sutton emerges as a very remarkable character, a likeable, well-read fellow who has tried almost desperately to conquer his partiality for safe-breaking. As his psychiatrist at Eastern State Penitentiary declared: "Willie just could not resist the challenge of a well-guarded bank." Sutton learned his trade under the "great" Doc Tate, who approached every safe with a surgeon's loving care, and he previously served a short but useful apprenticeship learning about wiring, insulation and burglar alarms. Thus equipped, he began his career of ransacking the banks of the Eastern seaboard, later developing the technique of dressing up for his robberies, either as a police officer, a bank messenger or a telegraph boy. "Willie the actor," as he came to be known, found this sort of trickery easier than the toil of drilling through steel and concrete to enter the bank vaults of his choice. Despite all his successes, however, Willie was seldom out of gaol for long, although he was free for some years after his last break from Holmesburg, trying to go straight by working in a hospital. Willie did not quite succeed, and at fifty-one ended up owing the States of New York and Pennsylvania a total of 106 years.

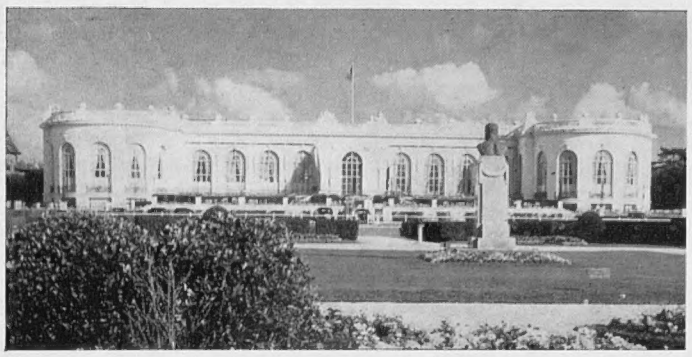
It is difficult to think of the author of *In Memoriam* and, for different reasons, the *May Queen*, as a humorist, and, indeed, the whole Tennysonian legend, intensified by the splendour of the poet's personal appearance and his tendency towards seclusion, runs counter to that view. Sir Charles Tennyson, grandson of Lord Alfred Tennyson, strongly asserts, however, that humour was one of his grandfather's most outstanding characteristics. In SIX TENNYSON ESSAYS (Cassell. 15s.), touching on various aspects of the poet's work, he lays particular emphasis on this gift of humour. At Cambridge, he says, Tennyson would make his friends laugh until they rolled off their seats. Frederick Locker, who spent a holiday with him in Switzerland, came back entranced by Tennyson's abiding sense of fun. Sir Charles devotes thirty-eight pages to this first essay, bringing in quotation after quotation to prove his point, and quoting at length from that very lively manuscript *The Devil and the Lady*, which Tennyson wrote when he was only fourteen.

Carola Oman contributes the latest volume to the series of Brief Lives, LORD NELSON (Collins. 7s. 6d.). As the author of the definitive biography of the great Admiral, Carola Oman has been faced with a difficult piece of condensation, but she has succeeded admirably, not only bringing out all the salient events in Nelson's very busy life, but most of the salient features of his highly complex character. Nelson was both simple and shrewd, ambitious and yet often selfless, emotional and yet highly practical. He will always remain a fascinating and puzzling character, and one whom we regard with pride and affection.

Brigadier C. H. Dewhurst, late Chief of the British Mission to the Soviet Forces of Occupation in Germany, has given an account of his experiences under the title CLOSE CONTACT (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.). This is a lively, conversational and most readable book, and the Brigadier has some rather significant things to say about the death of Stalin. He found a peculiar indifference among the Russians he contacted at the time of Stalin's death, almost as if they knew the date was bogus. Brigadier Dewhurst's penultimate chapter is on Soviet humour, which is often delightfully unexpected.

Flora Gill Jacobs writes of four centuries of the domestic world in miniature in her very detailed survey entitled A HISTORY OF DOLLS' HOUSES (Cassell. 32s. 6d.). This is essentially a book for those deeply interested in this subject. It has some grand illustrations, 117 in all, giving tantalising glimpses of dolls' houses past and present.

Fodor's Modern Guides have certainly won a place for themselves in the realm of modern travel, and quite a section of the travelling public surely welcomes their free and easy approach as opposed to the heavy factuality of the traditional guides. The latest edition is ITALY (Newman Neame. 15s.), which has an introduction by Sean O'Faolain. There is a special chapter on each Province, and a short supplement, this time in traditional vein, on English–Italian vocabulary: Where can I get spare parts for an English (American) car?; Bring me soap, towels, iced water; I want a rowing-boat, sailing-boat, bathing cabin for two. Thus armed, the traveller can be certain of no dull moments on his (or her) holiday.



The Casino and its garden

Easter at Deauville

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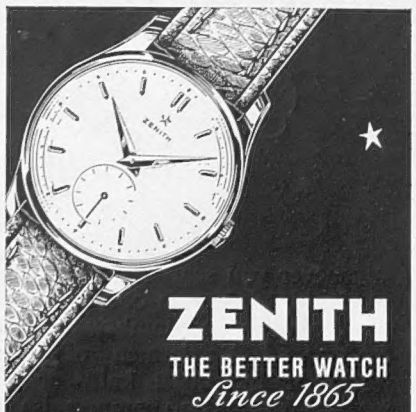

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"WHEN daffodils begin to peer," life is stirring anew in the hedgerows, the woods and the meadows. It is time for us to be stirring too, and make plans for Easter and spring holidays.

Except for its ozone, the seaside has little on the country in early spring, so this week I will for the most part confine my observations to the country-house type of hotel, where in the neighbourhood daffodils and primroses grow in their natural majesty.

At all seasons of the year country lovers cannot go wrong in selecting Dulverton as their base. Nestling on the borders of Devon and Somerset and situated on the edge of Exmoor, at the confluence of the Rivers Exe and Barle, there is much to occupy lovers of walking, riding and fishing.

Dulverton is a good centre, too, for a motoring holiday, for the Lorna Doone country, the Quantocks, the Somerset seaboard and the county towns of Exeter and Taunton are all worthy objectives for a day spent on the open road.

For country lovers seeking a small, homely hotel where they will meet others of similar interests, they need look no further than the small Woodcote Hotel, which for many years has had a consistent reputation for comfort and good country fare. Trout-fishing is now available to its guests and rough shooting can be arranged.

For a spring holiday of the country-cum-sea allurement, I am attracted to East Close Hotel, Hinton St. Michael, four miles from Christchurch, on the A.35 (Lyndhurst-Bournemouth) road. Built in the Adams period, the entrance-hall, stairway and period furniture create a good impression, and this prevails as one passes from room to room and out through french windows on to croquet lawn, park land and the New Forest beyond.

Though it is some time since I had a meal at East Close, reports that come through to me have an appetite-whetting ring about them.

The sea coast at Highcliffe is less than three miles distant. Bournemouth and its numerous attractions is but ten miles away, and riding, golf, sailing and other country-cum-sea pursuits are readily available.

Writing of country-cum-sea holidays, reminds me of one of my earliest recommendations, Moor Hall Hotel, Ninfield, four miles behind Bexhill, in Sussex. Though it is by no means the all-in-all type of holiday, riding features largely in the picture, and Moor Hall has its own hunters, hacks and stables. On occasion, jumping displays can be watched from the hotel windows.

Apart from riding, there is an excellent hard tennis court, golf links at Highwood (three miles away) and Cooden Beach (four miles). Ninfield is situated in an undulating and interesting countryside, and Moor Hall has its own home farm to draw on, so one fares well here in the fullest country sense of the word.

As opposed to the country-cum-sea spring holiday, some will be thinking of a sea-cum-country base—that is, a seaside resort, but not too overbuilt to obliterate the natural surrounds. Torquay and Bournemouth warrant articles of their own, but let us not forget in passing the welter of wooded walks and spacious parks offered us by the progressive corporations of both these resorts.

For the lover of primroses, surely Devon must take pride of place. Never have I seen such long-stalked, wide-spanned specimens as those which annually pack the hedgerows around Beer and Branscombe, in South Devon.

Sidmouth makes a good base for the goodness of the springtime, and for such a small resort it not only has an excellent selection of good hotels, but there is a spirit of camaraderie between them.

The Belmont is a first-class family hotel impregnated with the seal of good hotelmanship, as exemplified by the Fitzgerald family. For those who seek quietude and all-round quality, The Belmont cannot be bettered. It is fully licensed, but with no cocktail bar or dance band.

The Victoria, across the way, has a more lively appeal. Dancing in season, popular cocktail bar, a hard tennis court, and a unique feature, a Bituturf cricket practice wicket. "Come and be spoilt" is still the slogan of the Victoria, and well do they live up to it.

For a smaller hotel, The Torbay would appeal to those who feel lost in a big hotel. Also The Royal Glen, with its historic Victorian background, its all-round comfort, pleasing atmosphere and quiet seclusion. Nor must I omit the lovely appointments and intriguing cooking to be enjoyed at the small Cedar Shade Hotel, in Vicarage Road. Here, in this delightful Georgian house, hospitality reigns supreme.

With the coming of spring, those who dwell in London may turn to the residential pleasure of a country house hotel near the Metropolis.

Less than half an hour from Waterloo, on the main line to Walton-on-Thames, a hotel shooting brake meets certain afternoon trains to take visitors to Oatlands Park Hotel. What amazing all-in value this 150-bedroomed (30 private bathrooms) hotel offers. In its sixty acres of parkland, the use of an 18-hole golf course, a fine swimming-pool, squash and hard tennis courts, bowls and a kiddies' playground, are all available for the free use of hotel guests.

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